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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1912.

The Week

The President's message sent to Congress last Thursday shows in detail how the statutory changes he recommends, in pursuance of the conclusions reached by the Efficiency Commission, would result in saving about $12,000,000 annually to the Government. Of these changes a number take the form of abolition of unnecessary offices, consolidation of needlessly separated services, improved methods of work, etc.; but by far the largest part of the gain would arise from the transfer of offices that are under the "political" appointment system to the classified service. In urging this transfer, to cover all "the local officers under the Departments of the Treasury, of the Post Office, of Justice, of the Interior, and of Commerce and Labor," Mr. Taft is but renewing a recommendation which he had repeatedly made before with great earnestness.

It is possible to explain, but it is impossible to explain away, the voting in the Illinois Presidential primary on Tuesday. The Roosevelt triumph was sweeping, exceeding even the predictions of his managers. It was expected that he would get a large vote, and probably win a majority of the delegates, but that he would have a plurality of 100,000 over Taft and procure all the Presidential delegates, as he appears to have done, entered into no political reckoning. That the b'ow to the President is severe, no friend of his will think of denying. His campaign managers have long admitted that they regarded Illinois as their "weakest spot," but they could not have imagined that the ground there would so completely fall from beneath their feet. That Mr. Taft should have been so badly beaten in a traditionally Republican State will be seized upon as conclusive proof that his hold upon the affections of his party is but slight. The cry that he cannot be elected will be redoubled. And the Roosevelt campaign, though it remains hopeless, will take on a still noisier tone as a result of the Illinois primary, his followers acquiring new hope, not that they can possibly nominate the Colonel himself, but that they may be able to force the choice of a compromise candidate.

Champ Clark's victory in Illinois ought to rouse every Democrat who believes in sane and effective leadership. As a Presidential candidate the Speaker would be one of the most absurd figures ever seen on the stump. Success would be impossible for his party. His alliance with Hearst, which he cordially acknowledged the next morning, would alone be sufficient to ruin his chances. Competent politicians inform us that, in their judgment, his campaign would collapse in eight weeks after the Convention. With Clark as its spokesman, the Democracy would again be the butt of the country, because of its propensity for inexcusable blundering.

This La Follette business is getting to be past all endurance. Left for dead on the field a few weeks ago, he not only captures State after State, but literally adds insult to injury. In declaring the reason for his refusal to withdraw, he takes occasion to characterize the candidacy of the Colonel in terms which must be more exasperating to him than anything that the hireling capitalist press can say. "I have always contended," says the Wisconsin man, "that progressive Republican principles represent moral issues admitting of no compromise. I have therefore steadfastly refused to compromise or combine with any compromise candidate." What, the Colonel a compromise candidate? Roosevelt not a moral issue? This is too bad.

Mr. Bryan is quite open-minded about all the Democratic candidates except Gov. Harmon. He is as certain that Ohio's Executive is a reactionary as if it had been revealed to him on Mount Sinai. His hat is in the ring on this issue, and he will fight to the bitter end to prevent Harmon's nomination—and then remain regular, doubtless, and work for the success of the ticket. Here again the resemblance between Roosevelt and Bryan is striking enough. But, waiving that, the Nebraska statesman would apparently be quite satisfied with either Champ Clark the blundering and cheap politician, or Woodrow Wilson, the scholarly, high-minded Executive. He will fight for them in whatever district each "seems to be strongest." Thus we see anew that Providence and Bryan are on the side of the largest battalions. As for the initiative, referendum, and recall, Mr. Bryan is sure that the National Convention will not insist upon planks concerning them. They are State issues only. Finally, Mr. Bryan is certain that there is no prospect of a permanent third party. He knows Roosevelt too well to believe that he will cut loose definitely from the party to which he owes everything.

By a vote of 173 to 17, the House of Representatives has passed the Borah-Peters bill creating a children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. The bill had already been passed by the Senate, and its approval by the President may be taken for granted. The contrast between the extremely slight opposition to this bill designed to promote child welfare, and the determined resistance encountered a few years ago by the Beveridge proposal having the same general purpose, is instructive and gratifying. The Beveridge scheme was an attempt to stretch the powers of the Federal Government under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, so as virtually to destroy the jurisdiction of the States in a matter of strictly home concern. The present measure, on the other hand, while adding something to the activities of the central Government, does so merely in the direction of the ascertainment of facts and the dissemination of information. Without exercising any coercion or constraint, the children's bureau will be sure to exert a potent influence upon State action through the force of enlightenment and through moral pressure.

Last week the Senate passed without a division the bill to prevent the manufacture and use of phosphorus-matches, so deadly to workers engaged in that industry. It is expected that the workmen's compensation bill will also soon be made a law by Congress. At Albany the Constitutional amendment was pass-

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ed making legal an employers' liability act, such as the Court of Appeals recently held invalid, together with several of the bills to safeguard the health and lives of employees in factories. The list of measures of this kind might be lengthened. It is well coolly to consider the proof they yield that our Legislatures and our Congress are not wickedly callous to the wrongs and hardships of the men and women who labor, and are not corruptly held back from granting relief. These things also show that it is not necessary to turn our institutions upside down and inside out in order to obtain "social justice"—provided social justice be defined as a definite remedy for a specific evil, and not merely a vague protest of indefinite discontent.

The debate over Senator Heyburn's proposal to reduce the price for the *Congressional Record* to two dollars for the long session and one dollar for the short session is as good a reply as one could wish to his contention that the *Record* is "the only safeguard to the people." It may speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, but what repels readers is the interminable way in which it utters it. The omission from the newspapers of the great mass of what is spoken in Congress is not the result of a conspiracy against Senate and House. It is only by leaving out nine-tenths of it that newspapers can induce their subscribers to pay attention to the other tenth.

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York favors a change in the navigation laws of the United States that will permit its citizens to purchase tonnage in the cheapest market, own it in their own names, sail it under the flag of the United States, and operate it on a competitive basis of cost with the tonnage of other nations.

The adoption of this resolution by the Chamber of Commerce last Thursday is not only interesting in itself, but has additional importance from the character of some of the statements made in the discussion preceding that action. One member declared that he had given up all hope of anything being done for American shipping through discriminating duties or subsidies because of the great opposition in Congress, and that he was in favor of free ships as the only thing that the country could hope to get. The author of the resolution, Mr. Welding, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Commerce, put the case for free ships very strongly in his closing argument. He pointed out that England's subsidies, of which we hear so much, apply to only about 9 per cent. of her enormous tonnage, a large part even of this being given for the right to take over the ships in case of war; and that the Hamburg-American Line, the largest shipping company in the world, has always refused to accept any subsidies whatever. He expressed the confident expectation that when American shipowning ceased to be penalized by our protectionist navigation laws, our merchant marine would speedily revive.

Two hundred cities have now adopted the commission form of government, of which nearly one-half began the experiment last year. Despite their distribution over thirty-four of the forty-eight States, more than one-fourth of them are in the two States of Texas and Kansas, and more than half of them in these States and Oklahoma, Illinois, California, and North Dakota. The *Engineering News*, which prints a comprehensive table of these cities, points out one or two weaknesses in the commission plan. All that is accomplished by the division of municipal activities into a few departments and the placing of a single commissioner in charge of each, is to fix responsibility. "A man cannot be made into an expert by giving him a title, not even when it is bestowed by popular vote." Accordingly, a city of this sort gets its expert service through sub-department chiefs only, a method that does not tend to procure a high type of administrator. The case is made worse by the common failure of commission charters to provide a civil service system. Neither of these objections will have much weight with advocates of this form of government, since neither of them is directed against any inherent weakness. Commission-governed cities can get expert service just as any other cities can, nor is it necessary for these experts to be titular heads of departments. The real danger is rather in the acceptance of the new plan as a simple and final cure for all municipal ills.

The disclosures of political and corporation rottenness of which Abraham Ruef has given a foretaste in the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* may be expected to prove among the most extraordinary revelations of public corruption that have ever seen the light. Upon the recommendation that is reported to have been made by District Attorney Fickert, that the indictments still hanging over Ruef be dismissed, there would seem to be little room for difference of opinion. We have had no sympathy with any sentimental move for the pardon or release of Ruef on the ground that he is repentant. But it is an entirely different matter to free him from the threat of additional punishment upon charges remaining untried, in consideration of his making a detailed confession which would be of incalculable value to the State. If some of the corporation heads that were quite as responsible for these iniquities should receive their dues in the shape of long terms in the penitentiary, not only the State of California, but the whole country, would receive signal benefit.

The conviction of the Prohibition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1906 on a charge of conspiring to defraud, turns one's notions of human nature topsy-turvy. It is true that the crime had no connection with politics. But where shall virtue be found if not in a Prohibition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania? The most ardent delegate who voted for him in the Convention could have had no hope of his winning the election. The only reasons for nominating him must have been his devotion to the principles of the party, and his high personal character. Third parties always plume themselves almost as much upon the good repute of their nominees as upon their fine political ideas. And now one of their mightiest has fallen. The incident, however, may prove an advantage to the party. Nothing could so completely shatter the common accusation that Prohibitionists are not practical men. If the party has one man within its ranks able to cheat his fellow men, it is most unreasonable to suppose that it does not have scores who could serve them in public office.

The director of the New York Aquarium is a man of courage. He has published in a recent number of *Science* a protest against "the misuse of lantern illustrations by museum lecturers." He finds that the present tendency in popu-

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lar lectures on scientific subjects is not to illustrate the lecture, but to lecture about the illustrations. The lantern-slide, with its younger and still more popular sister, the moving-picture film, is in danger of driving the good lecturer from the platform. It certainly has made the bad lecturer possible. Since the hour's exercise in scientific exposition reduces itself to a parade of prettily colored pictures with more or less perfunctory comment, it does not matter from the point of view of the audience just how indifferent may be the verbal comment, how ill-prepared the speaker, how slipshod the processes of his thought and his grammar. Even Demosthenes, with a pointer in hand, could hardly hope to hold his own against a colored film. As between the shallow amateur with good pictures and the expert with inferior pictures there is little doubt as to who will get closer to the great, popular heart.

All meat-eaters must be rejoiced, and vegetarians correspondingly depressed, by the announcement of the results of the great rat contest at Leland Stanford, Jr., University. What possible explanation can be offered by devotees of a vegetable diet for the immense discrepancy between the more than five thousand miles covered by the meat-eating female rat and the less than five hundred miles travelled by her vegetable-eating sister, or between the fourteen hundred miles credited to the meat-eating male and the two hundred made by the vegetarian? Was there fraud in this primary? Until somebody catches four more rats, or, better, takes the four that have just performed this service to science and humanity, and by means of them reverses these proportions, everybody who cares for the truth and likes meat will eat it with the peculiar satisfaction that goes with doing an agreeable duty. Those who get along better without meat will make what shame-faced excuse for not eating it they can persuade their consciences to accept.

The filing of the late Lord Lister's will for probate brings out the fact that he left several generous bequests for hospitals and universities, each one accompanied by the direction: "I don't wish that my name should be in any way associated with these sums in the future." That is to say, there will be no Lister fund or Lister scholarships, specifically so called. This is undoubtedly a sincere expression of the modesty which was characteristic of the eminent surgeon. Yet in this age of *réclame*, a man whose shrinking from it was less securely established might be accused of taking the very surest way to cause his name to be remembered. No name attached to the gift might make the more people ask who the giver was. There is admittedly such a thing as an overdoing of humility which is equivalent to the most extreme ostentation. In the cathedral at Toledo, for example, in the place where the archbishops lie buried, one comes upon a stone bearing only this inscription: "Hic jacet pulvis et cinis et nihil." What form of self-effacement could seem more complete, yet what could more infallibly set generations of visitors inquiring who this particular archbishop could have been?

The revived flurry in Congress over the alleged designs of Japan upon Magdalena Bay, illustrates one of the greatest difficulties the modern world has in keeping the peace among nations. This particular uneasiness seems to be in a way to be promptly allayed. Indeed, it is plainly intimated that the chief motive of the Administration in consenting to a resolution in the Senate calling for official information, was to furnish a complete refutation of the rumors. But this special instance is an example of the kind of thing that insidiously disturbs international relations. It is not open insults, unconcealed menaces, or a direct clashing of rival interests, but, rather, a subtle form of suspicion. Now, this usually arises from ignorance. We do not know other nations well enough, they do not understand us well enough, to prevent the currency of vague notions respecting hostile intentions, which we could all see, if we had the eye to look the matter through and through, to be wholly unfounded.

There is no duty more obvious for statesmen at the present day than that of seeking to preserve peace by means of understanding what other nations really are and what their governments intend to do. This was the theme of Viscount Haldane, British Secretary for War, in his address last year before the University of Oxford—an address so able, sane, and civilized that the American Association for International Conciliation has done well to reprint and circulate it. Viscount Haldane applied himself to the problem of the relations of Germany and Great Britain from the side of a student in national characteristics. He held that the great peace-maker would be he who should truthfully interpret one nation to the other. England is much misunderstood in Germany, but Germany, frankly argued Haldane, is even more misunderstood in England. He himself, having a thorough knowledge of the German language, being deeply read in German literature, and fully in touch with the whole modern movement in Germany, was precisely the kind of man to warn his countrymen of the folly of creating an unreal Germany out of their own imagination wherewith to affright themselves and goad themselves into passion. Viscount Haldane, we may add, was also precisely the kind of man to send on a conciliatory embassy to Berlin. In him the German Government knew that it had an Englishman who understood Germany, and could treat with him on that basis.

Germany's increased military expenditures, as proposed by the Government, have led to the resignation of Herr Wermuth, Secretary of the Treasury. He does not disapprove of the new outlay on the army and navy, but simply insists that the added charges on the Treasury must be met by fresh taxes. The principle for which he stands is: No outgo without income. Pay as you go is the motto of this finance minister; and as the Government would not consent to his plans for levying taxes to foot the bills for increased armaments, he threw up his portfolio on that issue. As a result, it is expected that German public finance will go back for a time to the plan which it followed for some years, of borrowing money to balance the budget and so carrying along annual deficits. Herr Wermuth's position is undoubtedly correct, his policy being the only sound one in the long run, but it must be said that it sounds very English, and rather old-fashioned at that. The new and approved method, as witness our own chronic Treasury deficits for the past three years, is to pay out whatever is demanded and to trust to luck to get the money to do it with.

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IS THE CONVENTION SYSTEM DOOMED?

Two opposing views of the existing method of nominating Presidents by National Conventions have recently been put before the country. Speaking in Illinois last week, Gov. Wilson predicted that by four years from now every State would have a Presidential primary. He had in mind the model which was given by Wisconsin, and which New Jersey was the first of the Eastern States to adopt. That the movement in this direction is pronounced, no one will dispute. It led to the hurried enactment of a Presidential primary in Illinois. Doubtless the effect there and events elsewhere will tend to heighten the demand for a direct expression of Presidential preferences; so that Gov. Wilson's prophecy may not prove to be so very wide of the mark.

On the other hand, we have a fervid defence of the Convention system from the great Constitutional authority and luminary of politics in Albany, William Barnes, jr. He objects to removing ancient landmarks. Deeply versed in political history, and suspected of knowing something about political manipulation, he points back to the long and glorious history of the National Convention, and asks plaintively why we should be called upon to abandon a form of nominating machinery which has given us Lincoln and Cleveland and McKinley? The great purpose of it is to still warring candidacies in such a way as to sacrifice no principle. In the Convention the party first defines its beliefs and makes its pledges, and then decides what leader is best fitted to embody those doctrines and carry out those promises. Devised, says Mr. Barnes, by the common sense of the people, the National Convention has been successful for eighty years, and is "just as useful and workable to-day as when it came into existence."

For such a master of history and of logic as Mr. Barnes, this position seems to have been taken a trifle unguardedly. The original devising of the National Convention was due to the desire to base party action more broadly upon the popular will. The Congressional Caucus, which the Convention superseded, had fallen, or was believed to have fallen, into the hands of small cliques. True, they were able to point back as confidently as Barnes does now to the successful working of their plan for nearly fifty years. Could a system be so bad that had given the country Washington and Jefferson? But to raise that question was, as everybody knows, of no avail against the tide of democracy which swept in with Jackson. Good or bad, the old method was dropped because it was not sufficiently representative. And as even Mr. Barnes must be able to see, the present movement is one to make the nominating system still more representative. It has already had its effect. The rules of the National Convention, at least in the Republican party, have steadily been liberalized. For example, the unit rule has been abolished. It is no longer possible for the chairman of a State delegation to rise and cast its vote entire for a given candidate, despite the fact that a minority, large or small, prefers some other man. By allowing each Congressional district to elect its own delegates to a National Convention, and to instruct them how to vote, a step was taken to check the tyranny of the machine and to prevent a State boss from wielding undue power in the Convention.

Now, it is plainly conceivable that this process might be extended without actually destroying the Convention. Even the delegates selected by a direct Presidential primary are delegates to the National Convention. All the process of conferring prayerfully on party policy, which Barnes so movingly describes, can be gone through by them as well as by men named in the old way. The difference would be that, when it came to the nomination of a candidate, the delegates elected by a direct primary would be able to say that there was a real demand for the man of their choice, because he had received such and such a number of votes when his name had gone directly before the people in a primary. Indeed, the Presidential primary does not necessarily imply the abolition of the National Convention. That might virtually come about in the end, as the delegates might be so bound in advance by popular instructions that they would be merely clerks to record a vote, the result of which was already known. Even in such a case, however, it is probable that the National Convention would persist for a long time, just as the State Convention persists in those commonwealths that have adopted the direct primary. At present, at all events, it is not a question of a sharp alternative—either the National Convention or a Presidential primary. The two can be made to function together, and, in fact, that is distinctly contemplated by all who, up till now, have gone in for the new movement.

Barnes may be quite right in protesting against expecting a political millennium at once to follow the Presidential primary. That is only a piece of political machinery, and the general rule is that political machinery of any kind can be more skilfully worked by professional political machinists than by volunteers. At the same time, the people may demand the direct primary, for the nomination of Presidents and other public officers, as a ready weapon for use at times when they desire mightily and speedily to use it. It is, in fact, the Presidential primary considered in that light which is now urged for adoption, and which bids fair to verify Gov. Wilson's prediction.

TWO TYPES OF LAWMAKER.

In the debate on the White Phosphorus bill, in the Senate last week, there came into curious contrast two Senators who represent diametrically opposite types of mind. Senator Bailey's argument was that of the firm and keen logician, not to be swerved from the clean-cut line of his thesis by any irrelevant considerations; and he was immediately followed by Senator Heyburn, whose talk was equally characteristic of the inconclusive, loose-jointed, ramshackle type of Congressional disputant. He was disporting himself very comfortably, when Senator Gallinger suddenly brought him up with a sharp turn. Mr. Heyburn had been saying that the result sought by the bill could be reached in some other and Constitutional way, and Mr. Gallinger simply asked him to be "a little more specific" and reveal "just how that can be done." Whereupon the Idaho Senator, though pleading that "it is not always an easy thing to draw a bill while on your feet addressing the Senate," went on to state that he would nevertheless "give some ideas." He made a mess of the "ideas," and finally confessed that he had not been as successful as he had hoped in outlining to the Senate any tenable method of accomplishing the purpose.

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Of the other kind of thing—the close intellectual grasp which makes issues definite and insists on subjecting controversies to exact tests of reason or of fact—there is little enough in the political field nowadays, and it is a pity that in Mr. Bailey's career it should have been obscured by certain other characteristics. For, right or wrong, such an argument as he made on the Phosphorus bill is a tonic influence in parliamentary debate. It was not squarely met by his opponents, and perhaps was hardly capable of being effectively repulsed by a frontal attack. Probably the nearest approach to a successful rejoinder would have been in the direction of the legal maxim *de minimis*. This maxim may be dangerous to apply to questions of Constitutional interpretation; yet there are limits beyond which, in all human affairs, we take refuge in the view that extreme cases may be treated as matters of exception—that every doctrine must sometimes bend lest it break. As a matter of abstract legal principle, Senator Bailey was quite right in the assertion that the power of taxation invoked by the bill to destroy a particular form of manufacture might be equally used for the destruction of any industry, in any State, which a Congressional majority might desire to extirpate; the only thing that can be said in reply is that the precedent will not in practice be so understood. It will be said—and justly said—that here was a case not of crushing an industry but of cutting short a grossly inhuman practice, the abandonment of which entails no sacrifice worth mentioning upon anybody. The violence that was perhaps done to the Constitution in this minimal affair may be overlooked; and, on the other hand, the harm that would have been done to it by placing it in the light of a barrier to an act so necessary, and in itself so harmless, might be most serious. We are pretty good friends of the Constitution ourselves; but we have a feeling that if the Senate erred in passing the Phosphorus bill, its sin, like Uncle Toby's oath, will be blotted out by the Recording Angel.

It is not only in Congress, of course, that these extremes are to be met with; and between them every possible gradation has its exemplars. Each of us, no doubt, flatters himself that he strikes the golden mean—the just balance between academic rigor and the irresponsible looseness of "the man in the street." In reality, the striking of this happy mean is the great problem of practical judgment in the affairs of any time, and especially of our time. It will not do, for example, to reject every proposal in which may be discovered some tendency towards collectivism, upon the ground that we must fight Socialism; but on the other hand, it would be still greater folly to look at every specific economic proposal simply upon its immediate merits, and without reference to the overshadowing question of Socialism, if that be logically involved. In the present temper of a large section of the public, there is far more danger that questions of vital principle may be overlooked in the pursuit of immediate benefits than the reverse. But just where to draw the line is a question of wisdom; and for the exercise of wisdom it is impossible to lay down any mechanical formula.

There is, however, one kind of manifestation of the loose-jointed mental type which it is easy enough to characterize. When agitators go up and down the land declaring that they propose to make everybody happy, and offering no substantial indication of the means by which they expect to accomplish that result, they are engaged in one of the most mischievous possible forms of human activity. They stir up vague discontent and indefinite expectations; they lead the people to believe themselves the victims of wanton and remediable wrong, without pointing out any method of removing the wrong. If one of these orators, instead of addressing a miscellaneous crowd on the hustings, were to speak where he could be brought to book as Heyburn was brought to book by Gallinger, he would fare far worse in his grand pretensions as a regenerator of society than did the Idaho Senator in regard to the little matter upon which he had somewhat thoughtlessly committed himself. "I should like the Senator," said Mr. Gallinger, "to be a little more specific in revealing to us just how that can be done." If this demand could be peremptorily made upon some of our eloquent saviors of society, what a comical lowering of the note would instantly result!

THE MILWAUKEE ELECTION.

The defeat of the Socialist municipal ticket in Milwaukee comes as a surprise to no one. The Socialists themselves profess to have been prepared for the event. Even when taken in conjunction with the setback the party has received in Montana and elsewhere, the Socialist reverse in Milwaukee is merely accepted as one of those fluctuations of fortune to which every political party must resign itself, and especially a new party whose advent into office is bound to raise expectations which in the nature of things are bound to be disappointed. The Socialist *Call* cites Congressman Berger as saying after the victory of two years ago that the Socialists did not claim to control a majority of all the voters in Milwaukee, and that a combination of all other parties against them was inevitable. This combination has now taken place, and in this fact the *Call* finds great satisfaction. Having succeeded in wiping out all other party lines than those between Socialists and Anti-Socialists, there only remains the simple task of wiping out the old parties themselves.

It is doubtful, however, whether the Socialists in Milwaukee have really much reason to congratulate themselves on bringing about a coalition of the "bourgeois" parties. As a testimonial to their own growing strength and the wholesome fear in which they are held by their opponents, the result is gratifying enough. But these same opponents—and among them we may classify all sincere friends of decent government who do not accept Socialism as the only cure for the ills of municipal government—are also entitled to regard the situation with equanimity. In forcing an alignment of citizens on a non-partisan basis, the Socialists have shown a way to remedy municipal misgovernment which does not at all lie along the road towards Socialism. The alliance of Democrats and Republicans in Milwaukee was not a temporary expedient. It is a state of affairs which is to be perpetuated in Wisconsin by means of legislation that will prohibit the use of national party designations in municipal elections. It is possible that all party names will be suppressed and that voters henceforth will vote for candidates on their personal record entirely and on the basis of such local issues as

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the candidates may identify themselves with.

But that precisely is what the best elements in our citizenship, the country over, have been working for. It has long been recognized that at the bottom of municipal misrule is the susceptibility of the average voter to the influence of party shibboleths. The power of the boss rests to a considerable degree on machine organization and the spoils system. But not even in Tammany Hall does the bulk of the party consist of grafting office holders or of hungry public contractors. The great mass of Democratic votes in New York city, like the great bulk of Republican votes in Philadelphia, is swayed by considerations of party regularity. This sentiment is only too often reinforced by the specious argument that party unity in the city is necessary to the triumph of party principles in the State and the nation. And, unfortunately, Presidential and gubernatorial elections occur with sufficient frequency to breathe new life into many a decrepit local party organization. Anything that the Socialists can do to break up this mistaken tradition of party loyalty is tantamount to reducing their own party ammunition. Socialism's victories in the municipalities have been largely conditioned by the general disgust with misgovernment based on the old party system.

To the extent, therefore, that the fear of Socialist control becomes an impelling force towards the reorganization of municipal politics along rational lines and a consequent improvement in our standards of municipal government, the situation is far from alarming. Good citizens will rejoice in the immediate gain without falling into undue trepidation over the rising spectre of Socialism. For that matter, if it were a choice between remaining content with municipal misrule and inefficiency and accepting honest and efficient government in the cities at the risk of encouraging the Socialist ideal, we venture to say few good citizens would hesitate. But the choice is by no means that. What the results will be fifty years from now we are not in the position to foretell, nor is it incumbent on one to worry overmuch about the subject. That the immediate results will be to deprive Socialism, which is preëminently a party of protest, of much material that nowadays lies so plentifully to hand in our highways and byways, is apparent. It is not work that can be done in a day, but it is work which must be begun without delay. The Socialist movement is young and aggressive. It can stand temporary defeat. Though beaten in Milwaukee, the fact remains that the Socialists polled above 40 per cent. of the total vote. Failure on the part of the newly elected non-partisan government to redeem its pledges may easily turn that 40 per cent. into an absolute majority.

On the other hand, a creditable record of achievement by the new régime in Milwaukee may do something more than merely check the Socialist advance. Complete non-partisanship is bound to react on the Socialist party in local affairs. When the city electorate has been fully educated to the view of deciding local elections on local issues, the test will necessarily be applied to Socialists as well as non-Socialists. The latter will be estopped from appealing to the dread of economic revolution. The Socialist party will come before the voters of the city with a programme adapted to that city. Under such conditions it is highly probable that the Red Flag will count less than such unrevolutionary issues as the schools, the markets, baths, traction, housing, parks, and playgrounds.

AN APOSTLE OF GREEK.

Mr. Gilbert Murray, who comes from Oxford to teach Greek for a while at Amherst and to lecture in various other places, must feel somewhat like a bishop *in partibus*. Oxford may be the home of lost causes, Greek among them, but it has a wonderful way of making lost things comfortable; whereas in this country Professor Murray will find any number of people ready to talk about reviving Greek, but in practice he will see diminishing classes and despairing teachers. He will find great States where only one or two, if any, high schools teach the language at all; and even at Amherst, whose class of '85 has made so bold a stand for the classics, he will scarcely find the faculty flinging quotations from Aristophanes at one another across the table.

Mr. Murray is hopeful. He reports in England a great awakening, and expects to see the same thing here. At the Court Theatre of London his own translations of Euripides have been more popular than the plays of G. B. Shaw, the most modern of moderns. Still more extraordinary is his report of the interest of the English workingman in Greek. This, according to Mr. Murray's view, is due to the seriousness of the Socialistic movement. Plato is sitting on the same platform with Karl Marx; laborers are studying Greek at Oxford and Cambridge in the long vacation, and are demanding instruction in that tongue for their children in the board schools.

These are pretty pictures, which we should like to believe true. In part we do. There is a craving in the human heart for tragedy, which even the best modern drama leaves unsatisfied. The old idea of Nemesis, of a jealous goddess in nature looking out at the doings of men, and ironically punishing them for extravagances into which she has herself allured them—that fear of the divine jealousy which strikes down insolent prosperity—still haunts us as a vague superstition or a glimpse of some inexplicable truth. Goethe gave the finest modern expression to the feeling in his famous stanzas to the *himmlische Mächte*, ending with the sombre paradox:

> Forth into life you bid us go,
> And into guilt you let us fall,
> Then leave us to endure the woe
> It brings unfailingly to all.

That, we take it, is the very substance of tragedy. Shakespeare knew it when he drew the picture of Macbeth lured by the weird sisters into crime and paying the penalty with his own blood. But it has almost disappeared from recent literature, and we can well believe that many a play-goer will turn with relief from the artificial problems that now vex the stage to a drama that deals with this fundamental question of human destiny. This may partly explain the extraordinary success of Sophocles and Euripides in Berlin and London.

But that other story of the British workman giving laborious nights to the study of the Greek language, and of the British Socialist calling Plato his master, seems a bit fantastic. We can imagine the shock of the workingman when his instructor strikes into one of those passages in which Plato dwells on the benumbing and degrading effect of manual labor on the soul, or in which he portrays the awful results to the state of the tinker in politics. We can imagine the cheerful submissiveness

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of a Socialistic gathering to which some honest and tactful lecturer should expound Plato's ideal Republic, with its division of the people into three hard castes—those who do all the work, those who do the fighting and get the highest rewards, and the philosophers whose only business it is to talk logic and manage the government. Such a gathering of Socialists would be even more deeply edified when they heard that this caste system was to be maintained by deliberately keeping the lower estate in a condition of ignorance or illusion, in very much the same manner as was proposed by the British Hobbes, that father of all Tories. They would listen with keen relish to Plato's elaborate comparison of "the people" to a wild beast, or to his likening of democratic government to a ship at sea without a pilot.

As a matter of fact there has been a deal of loose talk about the democratic spirit of classical literature. Liberty, to be sure, has been nobly extolled by the orators of Athens and Rome, and the history of those cities is full of examples of devotion to its cause. It is easy to understand how the patriots of Italy in the time of the *Risorgimento* could nourish their hatred of tyranny by reciting the deed of Harmodius and Aristogiton, or face Austrian bullets with the words of some Roman hero on their lips. But liberty is the least thing desired by the democratic spirit of to-day. What it craves is equality, and of equality there is precious little praise in the philosophers and poets of Greece. The truth of Hellenic civilization has been finely expressed by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, who is at once a Socialist and a regretful lover of the far past:

> Harmony between the individual and his environment was perhaps more nearly achieved by and for the aristocracy of ancient Greece than by any society of any other age. But such a harmony, even at the best, is fleeting and precarious; and no perfection of life delivers from death.
>
> And, in the second place, to secure even this imperfect realization, it was necessary to restrict the universal application of the ideal. Excellence, in Greece, was made the end for some, not for all. But this limitation was felt, in the development of consciousness, to be self-contradictory; and the next great system of ethics that succeeded to that of Aristotle, postulated an end of action that should be at once independent of the aids of fortune and open alike to all classes of mankind. The ethics of a privileged class were thus expanded into the ethics of humanity; but this expansion was fatal to its essence, which had depended on the very limitations by which it was destroyed.

It is easy to see how a democratic lover of classic literature may for his own delight overlook these aspects of Greek life, but any propaganda based on such forgetfulness is sure to founder. Greek tragedy may be revived because it appeals to one of the deepest emotions of the human heart, but the Socialistic democracy of to-day is not going back to Plato for its ideas and inspiration. The value of Greek literature depends rather on its corrective contrast with many of our modern views.

PRESSING FORWARD INTO SPACE.

Reader, if chance or native courage brings you into the presence of a young artist who has painted a picture of a fragmentary, dark-blue baby on the bridge of a pink battleship, or a composer who has written a symphony dealing with the high cost of living, be warned and refrain from asking the young painter or the young musician what is the purpose of his art. You will thereby expose yourself as a fossil and bring down on you the contempt of all the young ladies there present with a copy of Henri Bergson in their hands. For the young maestro will turn languidly upon you and explain in elementary terms adapted to your intellectual level that, as a modern artist, he has no purpose and no end in view, but that he is simply a point pressing forward into space. The phrase, we believe, comes from Bergson, but it is to-day widely current wherever youth congregates, in the Latin Quarter, in the meeting halls of the I. W. W., and in the Chicago art galleries. Life, you must learn, is the policeman of the universe, whose function it is to make men keep on moving. Whither one is moving is an entirely unimportant consideration, so long as you do it very fast. The necessity of speed is dictated by something more than the life-urge. There is competition. Other points are pressing forward into space directly behind you. After the Impressionist comes the Post-Impressionist; after the Post-Impressionist comes the Cubist; after the Cubist comes the Futurist who paints anything that comes into his mind; after the Futurist comes the Intentionist whose blank canvases reproduce the things that have not yet come into his mind. It is all very stirring.

The immemorial battle between crabbed old age and youth rages to-day more fiercely than ever; and the advantage as always is on the side of the young man. For the older generation has nothing but the Past and the Present to base itself on, whereas youth can always rally to its support the inexhaustible resources of the Future. "I paint things," says the young man, "as the world will see them fifty years from now." "I reproduce sounds," says the young man, "as the world will hear them fifty years from now." "I expound morals," says the young man, "as the world will live them fifty years from now." What can the middle-aged plaintiff say in rejoinder? He is cited before a court where he must lose his case by default because circumstances beyond his control will compel his non-appearance. To be dead is always a disadvantage. It invests one with a purely academic interest which no jury of practical men will allow to stand in the way of living, breathing interests. And the situation is even harder than that. Suppose that the plaintiff makes up his mind to be alive fifty years hence, like a rich uncle spiting his heirs; what will it avail him? Fifty years hence, if youth still finds its case too weak, it will ask for another adjournment of fifty years. The supply of space into which the points are always pressing is large, and the Future can always enjoin, stay, mandamus, and certiorari the Present into the grave.

Far be it from us to defend the Present against the Future. Like all lawyers, we detest a losing cause. There is one plea, however, that must be made in behalf of the defendant. In the indictment framed by the Future against the Present there is an apparent flaw. In that document the Present is always described as an unreal thing, as mummified Tradition, as Convention with the soul gone out of it, as the slave of meaningless formulæ. By implication the Future is the opposite of all those things. But what are the facts? It is the Future that bristles with formulæ and manifestoes and platforms and philosophies. It is Youth that has gone mad with theory. The Present paints its pictures and writes its music by rule of thumb; it does it in that way because that is the way nearly everybody does it. But the Future writes its music on the basis of the pragmatic philosophy and paints its pictures in accordance with the principles of the New Psychol-

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ogy of the Abnormal as formulated by Professor Märzhasen of Gotha. Your old-fashioned, academic painter, when asked why he paints tall, slim, smiling women in directoire gowns and furs, says: "I saw a woman like that on the car the other day." And if you ask him why his painted babies have blue eyes and pink toes, he says, "I have one just like that at home." But when the Futurist paints a baby it is a metaphysical baby, born in the Bergsonian philosophy and bred in revolt. And he represents the baby as visualized by an anxious mother with a headache, her arms full of bundles, clinging to a strap between two fat men in the Subway at 5:30. Which is reality and life and which is convention and theory, may be left for any unprejudiced jury to decide.

But, after all, what use is there in carrying this apology for the Present any further? Where will these lines be fifty years from now? It is for the Present to cling to its limited horizon, to suffer and endure. The vast realms of space are for the Future. To paint sounds, to dance colors, to reproduce odors on the graphophone, to set the binomial theorem to music—that is not for timid souls and palsied hands. O Youth! O Valiance! O Bourgeoning Life! O crimson vest of Théophile Gautier! O Make Believe!

POPULAR LITERARY JUDGMENTS.

It is natural that so good a poet as Mr. William Watson should feel aggrieved at the scant appreciation of contemporary verse. "Your novelist, as a rule," he says in a paper on "The Muse in Exile" in the current *Century*, "gets his due rewards in this life, your poet, as a rule, does not." He might have added that some novelists get more than their due. In Mr. Watson's estimation, England has had, during the last quarter of a century, "some very real poets," whose names "would add lustre to any age or nation." He is no doubt right in believing that the novel has badly upset the balance of literary power and that our obsession by it is due to its comparative newness, the type, in anything like its present form, being not yet two centuries old. Thus the poet, looking back upon traditions which start with the day-spring of the world, prefers with some dignity the charge of *nouveau riche*. But what interests us more in his paper is his arraignment of present-day criticism of poetry. Briefly, it is this: Critics are of five sorts. The first has "a bee in his bonnet" and will not release it. By such a critic all verse is subjected to the test of some blatant idiosyncrasy. The second "sets an inordinate value" on factitious simplicity. The third is forever comparing one poet with another. There is, fourthly, the impressionistic critic who is impatient of solid workmanship, and croons over every neurotic "find." And finally, many critics think poetry is nothing if it is not progressive. "Is it surprising," asks Mr. Watson, "that the great, serious, clear-headed, and single-minded public, who can enjoy Shakespeare and the Bible, imagine that contemporary poetry has nothing to give them which can in any way illustrate or clarify life—nothing which in any way says to them an intimate and helpful word?"

Whether or not we accept these five unlovely categories, it is a commonplace that criticism to-day lacks proper standards. We had supposed, however, that contemporary verse was fostered rather than hindered by the confusion. For certainly verse receives far more praise, however unintelligent, than censure, and those who notice it in print are seldom technical scholars given, in the way that Mr. Watson supposes, to comparing every new lyric with Sappho or Herrick. Both in England and this country the tendency has been strong to accept a thing as it is or to exalt it much above its real worth. Precisely what Mr. Watson would have a critic be he does not say, though there is a pragmatical flavor to his remarks. In effect his reasoning is as follows: In the great stream of life to which the pragmatist willingly commits himself, are a large number of poets, perhaps more than ever before, in any one age, and this in itself proves that in the natural course of events poetry has grown to be a mighty element. Nor would the public fail to realize this if it were not for the critic's backward tugging. What is the use of always gazing idealistically and romantically upon the giants of the past, and why not admit that there are plenty of good poets all about us? Instantly upon that admission the readers of verse would vastly increase, and literature would be properly balanced again.

In a way which suggests that he was somewhat infected by our politics during his recent visit, Mr. Watson then turns in despair from the critics to the public. "This nameless judiciary, sitting in permanent session, undistracted by the babble of coteries, is our nearest approach to that ultimate court of literary appeal which we call posterity." It would be interesting to examine the instances where, in the eyes of posterity, the leading critics of an age have been wrong and the majority of the people right. Probably they are not so numerous as is often supposed. Besides, Mr. Watson is not consistent. Else why should he try to discredit contemporary fiction, which is so much read even by those "who can enjoy Shakespeare and the Bible"? Novels, too, have to combat the critical blight. The only possible advantage which we can see in such an appeal to the people is the chance of its quickening their sense of responsibility towards literature. If they could be led to thresh out the merits of a novel or poem with the earnestness which they often bring to political problems, every one would rejoice—even the critic. But as things stand, popular judgment of literature is haphazard and unmeaning, and therefore no proper court of final appeal. Even granting it were, how could it be registered? The mere buying of a book signifies little; caring enough to steal it might mean more!

Leaders to crystallize public opinion there must always be, and if not professional critics, who then? In this respect literature is worse off than the other arts, which retain a remnant of the older patronage. A painter or a sculptor receives special commissions, and his work, if liked, gets an influential recommendation from the fact that the patron has a personal interest in it. But books, by their accessibility to all classes, prevent the truly critical readers from fathering them. With the fact staring them in the face that 600,000 copies of a novel have been sold, or that the second edition of a book is necessary before the first edition has appeared, approval or condemnation from a select few is forestalled. And it must be added that even with these such a formidable sale has considerable weight; the book has made a far-reaching impression, they say; there must be something in it. Perhaps the people will some day take literature more seriously and will see that in self-defence their taste

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must be instructed, if they are to have any literary sense left. If that day ever comes, they may be glad to defer somewhat to minds representative of their best. In that case, "the great, serious, clear-headed, and simple-minded public," in whom Mr. Watson trusts, will have the opportunity and the duty to assert themselves. Whether those who pass as critics to-day will be among their number remains to be seen.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

The Comic Editor suggested that they should go uptown by the subway. It was the rush hour, so there was plenty of room for everybody, and naturally there was no blockade. The Red Knight lay back in his seat and looked thoughtfully at Alice.

"Now that I have got Oklahoma and there is no doubt about the way the rest of the country is going, I feel the need of a little recreation," he said.

"Wreckreation, you know," said the Comic Editor, and nudged Alice in the side as he spelled out the joke for her. But neither of the others paid any attention to him.

"Do you like puzzle pictures?" said the Red Knight.

"I just love them," said Alice.

The Red Knight took out a large document printed on heavy parchment. At the top was an eagle with outstretched wings, and Alice could read the first line. "We, the people of the United States, in order ——" Borrowing Alice's scissors he snipped the paper up in little bands and squares. These he first threw up into the air. Then he ran them through his fingers. Then he crumpled them up, threw them on the floor, and jumped upon them.

"Change and exercise are good for the Constitution, you know," said the Comic Editor.

Alice looked calmly at the Comic Editor and set to work at arranging the fragments. But the task was quite beyond her. "I'm afraid you'll have to do it yourself," she said.

"It's very simple," said the Red Knight. He took the pieces and deftly put them together, putting clause XII first and clause VII next, and so on. "Now, here's a sample of the way it should look," he said, and Alice noticed that the typography had changed very oddly. She read as follows:

We the people of the UnIted States, In order to form a more perfect unIon, establIsh justIce, Insure domestIc tranquIlIty, provIde for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessIngs of lIberty to ourselves and our posterIty, do ordaIn and establIsh thIs ConstItutIon for the UnIted States of AmerIca.

"But you can hardly see anything except the letter I," said Alice.

"That is the letter of the Constitution," said the Red Knight. "I have always been faithful to it, and I always will be."

"But you can't make a Constitution out of a single letter," insisted Alice.

"Yes you can," said the Red Knight, "provided it is big enough."

But Alice was firm. "I don't see how language can be made up of one letter. You need twenty-six at least."

"I don't think so," said the Red Knight, "and besides where am I to get the other letters from?"

"You might advertise," said the Comic Editor; "Help Wanted—Mail, you know."

All at once the Red Knight sat straight up and his face grew bright. "Why, of course, we need more letters. There is e for 'me' and o for 'our' and u for 'us' and a for 'am' and y for 'my.' My dear Alice, that really was a bright idea of yours."

"Whatever is bright is Constitutional, you know," said the Comic Editor.

The Red Knight picked up the pieces of parchment. "With a little practice," he said, "you will be very good at taking this apart and putting it together again. It helps to pass the time, and when you are tired of the game you can throw the pieces out of the window."

"Interrupt it and constrew it, you know," said the Comic Editor.

"Oh, don't be a fool," said Alice, quite losing her temper. She looked so angry that the Comic Editor burst out crying and would not be comforted. And he was still sobbing dreadfully when they came to the door of the Outlooking Glass office.

So now the time had come to say good-by. Alice and the Red Knight stood at the door of the Outlooking Glass office just as the edition was going to press. From the press-room on the top floor to the editorial rooms in the sub-cellar all was activity. The chief-editor was shooting copy up the tubes as fast as the office boys could write it. The copy was immediately put into electroplates and rushed to the proof-room where it was divided into "takes" and distributed among the compositors. The latest advertisements were coming in over the wire. The desk men were waiting for the editorial writers to finish their comments on the week's news before setting down the facts.

Alice turned to shake hands with the Red Knight. It had been an exciting series of adventures, and she had a headache and was very anxious to be at home with mamma. But she had grown fond of her comrade in the Outlooking Glass. When she was back again at her stupid lessons, studying that 2 and 2 make 4, and that "yes" is affirmative, and "no" is negative, and that black is black and white is white; oh, how she would miss the Red Knight.

But she was very brave, and stretching out her hand, said, "Good-by."

The Red Knight pressed her hand affectionately: "How do you do?" he said.

"I don't suppose we shall ever meet again," said Alice.

"Well, there's 1916," said the Red Knight. "Shall we say four years from now, on Lincoln's birthday?"

"But there would be no use in trying," said Alice.

"You could help me a great deal, you know," said the Red Knight. "By that time women will be voting. On the one hand there will be woman's new duties to discuss, and on the other hand there will be her new responsibilities. My hat is still good for something."

"No, no, no," said Alice. "I don't want you to go campaigning any more. The fact is you are not as strong as you used to be."

"Suppose it *is* a fact; what difference does that make?" said the Red Knight.

But Alice would not listen. "Why must you keep on fighting? Why not leave that for other people, and let everybody remember you only at your best?"

"A man must do *something* exciting," said the Red Knight.

"Of course he must," said Alice. "I hope, and I'm sure we all hope, that you will go on Contributing for years and years and years. Good-by."

Her eyes were still wet with tears as she sprang through the Outlooking Glass. The Red Knight vanished. She was home again, home in the dear old room with the big reading lamp on the table, and mamma busy with the baby's things, and papa asleep over a copy of the Aldrich Monetary Report.

"Oh, mamma," she cried.

"What is it, Alice?" said her mother.

"I have *such* a headache, mamma. I have been in politics."

THE NATURE CULT TO-DAY.

Talking with a sober farmer of Concord, one day, I asked him about the location of Thoreau's famous bean-field. "Bean-field?"—the man was honestly puzzled—"I didn't know he ever did anything. Thoreau was a loafer."

I was as much refreshed and pleased as I suspect Thoreau himself would have been had he returned incognito to twentieth century Concord. Every one else—save this honest farmer and his kind—would have told him that Thoreau was the great poet of Nature, the American Wordsworth, the famous hermit who communed with the god of the Open Air at Walden, the misanthrope who taught us how to fall at the feet of Nature worshipfully—to see the Compelling Vision and know the Great Secret—or, perchance, how to be accepted "nature-lovers." And if he turned away sadly, with the loneliness of the great spirit, it would have been to suffer the same sort of reception wherever he went. He would have heard of "the Godful woods," of "the forest-cathedral," of "tree-thoughts," of "Nature's old love-song" (I quote from one or two of the Nature Books of the past year); he would have been told that the meadow-lark surpasses any opera, that the orchid of the fields is, like man, fashioned from the earth, but is "a fairer and lovelier product," that birds are the best of friends, for they bring no "misunderstandings and disappointments" and never grow old and they sometimes have "so much to express, so much temperament"—at least if you can assume "the viewpoint of the bird." The follower of the trail would have told him of "the splendid, untamed, savage West," where one may slip off one's perplexing personality as if it were a waistcoat and become admirably like the horse that bears one on to "broad vistas and silence." The wanderer returned from the Sierras would have told him of "the mountain-joy," of "a passionate ecstatic pleasure-glow not explainable," of fine

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views that make one shout and gesticulate "in a wild burst of ecstacy," and of dreaming by night that one is "rushing through the air above a glorious avalanche of water and rocks." Forgetting that Thoreau himself had fished in Walden Pond, they would have told him of terribly wicked people who actually fished in the Yosemite: "Sport they called it. Should church-goers try to pass the time fishing in baptismal fonts while dull sermons were being preached, the so-called sport might not have been so bad; but to play in the Yosemite temple, seeking pleasure in the pain of fishes struggling for their lives, while God himself is preaching his sublimest water and stone sermons!" "Ah, Henry," the female enthusiast would have added, "we are fallen upon evil times. Our wild flowers are fast disappearing. The few people who do go to the country always come back with huge wilted bouquets—if only *everybody* went to the country and cut a *few!*" Had Thoreau's acute sense of logic caused him to remark that the result would be pretty much the same, the good woman would doubtless not have heard him in her enthusiasm over "a lifetime to live in the forest, inexhaustible plates, indestructible cameras, wells of ink, and pens of magic." And after all this, and much more besides, Thoreau would have been driven, weary, stifled, and very melancholy, to seek the comfort of the hills—only to find that our scenery has been well-nigh destroyed as a result of the facilities for seeing it. In his note-book he would then have copied a sentence from his Journal (March 13, 1841): "I like better the surliness with which the woodchopper speaks of his woods, handling them as indifferently as his axe, than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of nature."

"Walden" is doubtless one of the great books of American literature. But between "Walden" and the "Nature Books" of the present day there is not so much a difference of degree as of kind, and this important difference of kind Thoreau would have observed instantly. Had he had an opportunity to watch the influence of his work until now, it is highly probable, I think, that he would have scornfully repudiated most of his readers and imitators on the ground that they almost totally misunderstood him. The emphasis in Thoreau is not on nature, not on men, but on man—on character. With his acceptation of the idea of natural goodness and of the idea that man and nature are akin, he combined the Puritan moral earnestness that lived its second life in the decades of American Transcendentalism. This Puritan strain predominated in Thoreau, and had two noteworthy results. In the first place, "the sober and solemn mystery of nature" evoked in him awe rather than the latter-day curiosity and somewhat cheap desire for intimacy. To-day nature is commonly wooed as if she were a coquette or a mistress, prettily or with shallow "mealy-mouthed" abandon; nature is a creature whose blandishments cause her lovers to be at once very silly and very garrulous—and if books result, as they ordinarily do, they prove very remunerative. Thoreau, on the other hand, found that his "truest, serenest moments are too still for emotion; they have woollen feet"; and it is unfair to assert that he was posing when he said that he wrote his books "to purchase silence with." In the second place, the Puritan earnestness of Thoreau manifested itself in an esteem for character and will. "Only character can command our reverent love. It is all mysteries in itself." It may be that "All's right with the world," as most of our nature-lovers are echoing every day; but it certainly was not so in Thoreau's world. A thousand nameless sins hovered over him wherever he went, and made him yearn more eagerly every day for an erectness and innocence, towards which he must strive unceasingly, but which in the end could come only if he were one of the elect—"no man knoweth in what hour his life may come." His life was thus an endless quest for character. He yearned to attain serene purity and wisdom; he did not yearn for indestructible cameras and wells of ink.

The difference in kind, then, between Thoreau and the nature-lover of to-day seems to me to lie in the fact that Thoreau's view of life was genuinely imaginative, sincerely idealistic, whereas the view of life that one finds in the typical nature-writing of the twentieth century is absurdly shallow and sentimental. "This hypethral temple," I read in one of the recent books, ". . . is the only temple on earth where there is no cant, no twaddle, no hypocrisy, and no croaking about our sins." What is this if it is not cant and twaddle? Few will deny that religion has ceased to be fashionable, and that cant is to be found well-nigh everywhere; but the worshippers of nature have not yet convinced us that they are themselves free from the ills that beset the more orthodox sects. As for "No croaking about our sins," this is palpably not good Thoreau doctrine, either in phrasing or meaning; it is, rather, a pale and sickly reflection from the brightly-shining optimism of Browning and Whitman. If we croak at all, they tell us to-day, let it be as the frogs croak, carelessly, jubilantly, with an appreciative eye on the opal sunset. Let us be as frogs, or if frogs are not lovely enough, let us "assume all that is shy and bird-like" or any other-like that is not manlike.

Of course all this is beside the question. What the nature-lover really desires is not to be a part of nature, but to be a part of himself. He would cast away "worldly cares" and city life with its difficulties, as well as farm life with *its* difficulties, so that he may be, like the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden, "free to roam and to reminisce under the pines." In other words, he would abandon his right to be a rational animal, together with his right to have what life in any human community demands—character; and having given over these unpleasant rights of thinking and being a moral creature, he would find freedom and happiness in a community of song sparrows and fern fronds. That is, after all, what one of the most estimable of our nature writers means when he remarks, "Only spread a fern frond over a man's head and worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in." One is tempted to amend: "Only spread a fern frond over a man's head and he ceases to be a man."

In practice, the hypethral temple of nature, where one may find diviner company than the town affords, becomes the scene either of placid lotos-eating—loafing and inviting the soul in vain—or of an intoxicated sensuousness. If the worshipper of nature is of a dreamy disposition that leads him to the kindly hills of Massachusetts, he is prone to dream—and usually dreams prone. If he has the "dynamic" temper that leads him to the higher Sierras, he experiences the exuberant sensuous joys of the eagle and the mountain goat. One of our dreamy women nature-lovers tells us soberly that she "worships" certain moths. One of our vibrant men nature-lovers explains a part of his Bacchanal ritual as follows: "I drink the blue of gentians and the red of cardinal lobelias and scarlet buglers; I plunge into the golden fields of bæria and bathe in the yellow flood of poppies." But whether the nature-lover is dreamy or "dynamic," his joys are dominantly sensuous without being spiritually sensuous. In the manner of the sentimentalist, he would place himself in a position that will yield sensation in variety and abundance. He seeks the delights of shimmering water, of olive-green velvety shadows, of the resinous incense in pine groves, of insect murmur and ethereal bird-song, of bracing wine-like air; delights, indeed, that are not to be spurned. White of Selborne enjoyed the grace of the *hirundines* and of English beeches with gentlemanly candor; Wordsworth, with the poet's vision, derived spiritual manna from the grandeur of Helvellyn; Thoreau, who also had the poet's vision, profited by the goodly fellowship of the Concord River and the chill, leaden November days that fanned into flame his "deep, inward fires." The senses may indeed be inlets of spirituality. But in the typical nature-lover of the present day one observes a great deal of sensuousness and a negligible degree of spirituality. He

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is akin, not to the Thoreaus and Wordsworths that he apes, but rather to the "week-ender," and the amateur naturalist who lives in the city. What to these is recreation is to him a mode of life.

NORMAN FOERSTER.
University of Wisconsin.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, March 29.

In the literary output of France, the chronicler has often to give ear to murmurs of troublous times. This is due to the intestine revolution which is still going on in French society after a hundred years, without ever working itself out. Certain universal questions are disputed with an animosity amazing in countries where division of minds does not lead to civil dissensions. To-day's notes deal with one line of such questions and they are not directly political. Most of the books to be noticed—and some of them are universally noteworthy—are of French Protestant derivation.

All the books here noted concern the traditional religion of the French people and the substitutes now urged on them; the official efforts that are being made to change the principles underlying popular morality, which has hitherto been mainly derived from that religion; and state education as an accepted means to work both moral and religious changes. For the state's power is supposed to cover all associated activities of its citizens and, through official teaching, to send its youth spinning down all grooves of change. It is true the grooves have first to be dug by those who hold political power in the state.

"L'Orientation religieuse de la France" (Armand Colin—320 pages, 3.50 francs) may be considered the leading exposition of those who still hope to remake the moral and religious unity of France by detaching French Roman Catholics from the religion of Rome. It appears in an important series on the "contemporary social movement." Its author, Paul Sabatier, is a Protestant clergyman who became widely known by his sympathetic studies of the Roman Catholic saint Francis of Assisi. He has since then taken up the defence of "Modernists" against the Pope and, against Cardinal Gibbons, of the government of the French Republic for its measures repressive of Roman Catholic religion. This new book is bound to startle even his old admirers. There is no longer question in it of any halfway Modernism which French Roman Catholics would not, if they could, and French Protestants cannot achieve for the revival of religion in their country. Paul Sabatier has taken a new stand, apparently for reasons which led his *confrère*, Wilfred Monod, to write in his recent remarkable book, "Aux Croyants et aux Athées":

> To Christians with their eyes open, it is evident, first, that Humanity is de-Christianizing; second, that it is marching towards Atheism.

Wilfred Monod, heir of a great Protestant name, keeps the title of Christian, but, in his theory of a limited God, lands indistinguishably near to the late theism of John Stuart Mill, who was coming the other way from his father's atheism. Paul Sabatier, while formulating no theory, passes in practice beyond Christianism and beyond Atheism. He finds the church of the future in the state school; and the new moral religion for the French people is to be taught them by the state schoolmaster, who, he says, "in spite of himself, has been made to take up a work of spiritual (*idéale*) direction such as he has in no other country." In working out his idea, he goes further than Ferdinand Buisson, a freethinker of Protestant origin, who has had more than any other one man to do with organizing and directing state primary schools in France. But he, too, entitles the book in which he has collected his public utterances from 1878 to 1911, "La Foi laïque" (Hachette — 3.50 francs) — a title which by itself proclaims that a positive religious or moral faith, and not a mere negative neutrality, is the position taken by the French Republic in its teaching body. Neither of these authors—perhaps no Frenchman—is satisfied simply with Emerson's republic, where

> Each honest man shall have his vote,
> Each child shall have his school.

Paul Sabatier dismisses the uncertain *laïcité* of the United States as due to "pragmatist" views (p. 254).

A political platform, as well as a religious programme, is contained in this French use of the word "lay." It does not, as in English, distinguish simply laymen from clergy in the same church. Its meaning reaches far beyond our "secular." It has come to be used in direct contra-distinction from denominational religion altogether. All thinking in conformity with a professedly revealed religion and in accord with an organized church is contrary to the "lay" spirit, or, at least, outside it; for the word expresses positively that which is signified negatively by "anti-clericalism." This is clearly laid down, in the present instance, by Paul Sabatier (chapter xiv):

> [In France] the majority of public opinion, on the one hand, expects and demands from the school solid and efficacious moral teaching; and, on the other, it will no longer allow the "lay" school to take its starting point in teaching which finds the proper object of its mission in a notion of revelation borrowed from church dogma. It is a whole religious and moral revolution that is being realized around us.

Along the way of his minute and evidently regretful controversy with those who, he feels, have forced France into this revolutionary religious stand, he cites samples of formulas used in the state schools which are thus taking the place of the churches. This is the teaching as to what the Westminster catechism calls "the chief end of man" (p. 220, note):

> To become a voluntary agent of the Unknowable Energy in process of evolution towards a consciousness and spiritual life more and more intense and higher and higher and more and more universal, this is our destiny; and our happiness shall be in proportion to our efforts to realize it fully ("Cours de Morale," by Jules Payot, University rector).

Immortality seems to be no element of either destiny or happiness. God is an "hypothesis"; but prayer remains, and is defined "the resolution firmly taken to be an agent of voluntary evolution." President Eliot of Harvard, who has also had a vision of the world new-made religiously, has foreseen that the new religion will not be as consoling as the old. It is improbable that any great number of primary school-teachers in France make much of similar formulas, which also do not fulfil the condition *sine qua non* for the spread of any religion among a people as laid down by our English classic, "Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions"—it has not yet been taught by mothers to their little children.

Only a few years since, in his Geneva conferences ("La Religion, la Morale, et la Science," third edition, pages 94-95), Ferdinand Buisson himself had something pertinent to say of this connection of moral teaching, which is now made the prime work of the state school, with essential religious teaching:

> It is nevertheless true that the moral law, duty, goodness, have neither the same meaning nor the same value objectively, nor consequently the same authority over us, according as the world has an end or has not, has one supreme thought conducting it or is given up to an eternal becoming from which what may shall come, in a word, according as the last reason of all is in a wise and clear-seeing will or in the blind force of things. . . . If the individual be a durable reality, his least acts have their importance; if he passes, a fugitive phenomenon, the accidental combination of a day, his works follow him into nothingness, and it is foolish to apply to them the rigor of a morality which supposes the Absolute.

Paul Sabatier is obviously right in abandoning all hope of French Roman Catholics accepting the state school as their authentic teacher of religious morals. Roman Catholics have taken none too kindly to American public schools, but this has not been from any fear that some other religion would be taught in them. In France it is doubtful whether

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the claims thus put forward for the state school can be reconciled with any of the old religions, whose faith is based on the direct teaching of God revealing through church or Bible—*auctoritate Dei revelantis*. It should not astonish either M. Sabatier or M. Buisson that even English Protestants, to whom their positive faith is dearer than their negative protest, should judge such schools harshly as "making France pagan." It is plain to any attentive observer that, with all the anxiety expressed by M. Buisson lest state school-teachers should hurt the religious feeling of the least of their children, the "emancipation" which he preaches as the state school's essential task can, in practice, only mean emancipation from the parental religion.

To Americans there is yet another preoccupation in this controversy which has rent France as a nation asunder. It is more vital than the question of religion—for religions have a habit of taking care of themselves. "Religious liberty," as distinct from its counterfeit "toleration," has stood the test of time in the United States. A Government that has the power to tolerate has the power not to tolerate also, whereas liberty puts the matter outside the limits of government altogether. One of Lord Acton's most accurate epigrams strikes, now as then, at this "defect of knowledge which became a fact of importance at a turning-point in the [French] Revolution. . . . For religious liberty is composed of the properties both of religion and of liberty, and one of its factors never became an object of disinterested observation among actual leaders of opinion."

"L'Inquiétude religieuse du temps présent" (Fischbacher) is a series of ten essays ranging from Euripides, the Jesuits and Pascal, to Pragmatism and prayer, all with timely applications. Their author, Paul Stapfer, is the honorary dean of the State University of Bordeaux (faculty of letters). In his own person and family, he represents a century's evolution of Protestant thought in Switzerland and France, without reaching so far as Paul Sabatier. Writing before the latter, he has many weighty things to say of questions raised by him and now starting up everywhere among *intellectuels*, notably on "the logic and conscience of a sincere thinker" (Taine), of "divers forms of religious sincerity," and Pragmatism. To this should be added the little book which has now become generally known on William James (Armand Colin—3 francs), by Emile Boutroux, the most leading of French University professors of philosophy until Bergson's siren voice began calling away—whither does not yet appear. There is also a book, uncondensed nebula in doctrine, but characteristic in practice, by Pastor Charles Wagner—"Ce qu'il faudra toujours" (A. Colin—3.50 francs). An important volume, if only because it is announced as the last, is by the heir of many Huguenot generations. It is Pierre Loti's "Un Pélerin d'Angkor" (Calmann-Lévy—3.50 francs). It, too, is religious—reflections in language of enchantment before the gigantic monuments of Khmer piety, forgotten a thousand years since: "In our day, it is true, the lees of half-understandings and the quarter-learned are brought to the surface by the present social régime and, in the name of Science, rush into the most foolish materialism. . . . But there must exist the Supreme Pity." S. D.

Correspondence

THE NEED OF CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last autumn I began a letter designed to set forth in your columns a most quixotic proposal in aid of the evolution of China. The closing paragraph was still unwritten when the ordinary course of evolution, with what dramatic suddenness and swiftness all the world knows, gave place to revolution, and condemned my communication, now even more preposterous than before, to the waste-basket. To-day we hear that Yuan Shi-Kai has published the long-awaited Edict of Abdication; which, as an accomplished fact, leads every foreign observer into renewed speculation and myself into renewed desire to divert such of your readers as take more than a casual interest in Asiatic affairs. Responsible in part for this wish is your editorial, issue of January 4, on the "Changing Orient," to every word of which I earnestly say Amen.

Here, then, is my proposal, so plainly the absurdest ever traced by the pen of man that I fear no one will bother himself with the matters of fact appended to it. It is "merely" that representatives of the Powers be "somehow" got together—Russia, Japan, England, Germany, France, the United States, perhaps, also, Austria, Holland, and Belgium—to be led to declare solemnly in the face of the conscience of the world that absolute respect should henceforth be paid to the boundaries of United China (including the old "dependencies" and her title to foreign "leaseholds" and grabholds); that rights of extra territoriality and other foreigners' privileges inconsistent with Chinese sovereignty should be given up just so soon as Chinese judicial and legal procedure have been developed far enough to bear comparison with the ways of bench and bar in, say, the United States; and that the participating Governments do all that Governments may to promote—not in chattel-mortgage fashion or on pawnshop terms—the immense loans needed at once by China and her provinces for internal improvement and reform. If the Powers can be convened to-day to devise ways and means how to sell sugar and how not to sell opium—who knows?—perhaps to-morrow they can be got together, not only in our dreams, to consider the plight of the roc-chick struggling gallantly to break out of its tenacious and encrusted shell.

Before the revolution, it was famine and flood that prompted me into such vagaries. The need was appalling. The revolution multiplied, and, at the same time, obscured, the heed. On the heels of last year's famine came the floods of September, so that now we are witnessing the most cruel winter central China has borne since Tai-ping days; only, even here in Shanghai, next door to the stricken regions, we have been distracted from giving due heed to the situation by the more spectacular interests centring at Wu-chang, Nanking, and Peking.

As famine has followed famine, Europe and America have responded less and less willingly to appeals for help. The foreigners, chiefly missionaries, engaged in the distribution of relief, are firmly convinced that the charity of the past ought not be continued. It is hardly too much to say that not one cent of the millions so freely given in the past has gone to prevent the recurrence of famine; and yet, in view of the lavish endowments of nature, there is less excuse in China for widespread starvation than in any other important quarter of the globe. This is now so well recognized locally, and likewise the pauperizing that surely results from the dole system, that the present excellent Famine Relief Committee—made up of both foreigners and Chinese—is resolutely spending all its funds according to a work system formerly attempted only on a very small scale. Nothing is given outright except to those who are too sick or too feeble to work on the dikes and drainage canals. Against a far greater need this Committee is handling far smaller funds than were given to any of its predecessors, but every dollar is being made not only to save a life now, but also to count towards saving ten lives in the near future. Dikes, canals, roads. Food for China's millions is simply a problem—a series of stupendous problems—in engineering.

Two mighty river systems must be brought under control, besides certain smaller ones. Competent engineers expect the Yellow River to make in a few years—some say before 1920—another change of course as far-reaching as any it has ever made in the past. Even the faithful Yang-tse last year might have borrowed the name of China's sorrow. Midway between them, the less-known River Hwai was responsible for last winter's famine and for much of this winter's. What else can be expected of streams that have come to run normally above instead of below the level of their basins? This tendency to run amuck seems to be bound up inseparably with the age-long deforestation of hillsides. Supplementary to these conditions are the lack of railways and the criminally neglected Grand Canal, that one-time magnificent artery between North and South; for with transportation dependent upon junks and wheelbarrows, a Chinese province may starve next door to plenty.

Reafforestation, river control, railway building, the very words are sonorous with suggestions of vast sums of money. The money must be borrowed. The Chinese Empire for excellent reasons was wary about going heavily into debt; it was too much like putting your head into the lion's mouth. The republic will doubtless borrow with similar misgivings, and only because of the extreme need occasioned by unusual current expenses and by the pres-

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ent dislocation of revenue. And in spite of poverty, the republic will presumably feel compelled by the example—and the greed—of the Powers to sink millions of taels into the means of war. Partitions and the loss of territory were the bogies of the Empire, and still stare the Republic in the face. The Powers could, if they would, exorcise these bogies, but only by concerted action. (The action of the United States is good as far as it goes, but has not hindered the underground intrusion of Russia and Japan into Manchuria.) These fears banished, China might conceivably be persuaded of the wisdom of curtailing army and navy—along with the aeroplane and other expensive fads—and of putting all she could raise into internal improvements and educational reform. And if she were once convinced that the military Powers were disinterested, she would gladly make use of our experts so long as they did not play the superior too loudly, and of our money if only the strings attached were not too offensive.

Does it not seem to be the fitting moment to—well, to wish that this proposal for an international agreement to assure the territorial integrity of China and to further her adjustment to new-world conditions were not so ludicrously visionary? But the Chinese themselves: they are proud, they might resent being made the subject of a convention. Very likely; especially as the West has never been distinguished for tact. Wherefore I, for one, am more inclined than ever to write "Christian" nations so, with inverted commas.

TRACY R. KELLY.

St. John's College, Shanghai, February 12.

NIETZSCHE'S INDIVIDUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to question the accuracy, or at least adequacy, of the view expressed in one of your recent issues, that Nietzsche denied "the validity of any check within ourselves contrary to the primitive instincts and impulses of nature"? In the last *Nation* you speak of his "delirious individualism" (with which may possibly be compared the "eleutheromania," which Professor Babbitt ascribes to Nietzsche in his remarkable book, "The New Laokoon"). There must be some foundation for this view; else two writers of judgment and discrimination would not advance it. Moreover, it is the more or less common view. Yet I believe that a careful study of Nietzsche's writings will result in the conviction that it is one-sided and in the main unsound. Let me give a few (out of many possible) citations.

More than once Nietzsche uses the image of a gardener in speaking of man and his impulses. Man, he says, can deal with his impulses as the gardener does with his plants, either controlling them, their manner of growth and disposition in the garden, or leaving them free, as he likes ("Dawn of Day," §560); and woe to the thinker who is not the gardener, but only the soil in which his plants grow (*Ibid.*, §382). Elsewhere he speaks of taking from our passions their fearful character and preventing them from becoming devastating streams ("The Wanderer and his Shadow," §37). The man who has overcome his passions comes, he declares, into possession of the fruitfullest kind of soil, like the colonist who becomes master of woods and swamps (*Ibid.*, §53); on the other hand, one without the will to master his anger, melancholy, vengefulness, sensuality, who yet attempts to rule somewhere else, is as stupid as a farmer who lays out a field along a turbulent stream and neglects to protect himself against it (*Ibid.*, §65). He calls the day ill-used in which we do not deny ourselves something; for, with lack of lesser self-control, capacity for the greater crumbles (*Ibid.*, §305). Nietzsche admires the strong, power-loving natures who bring their character under a law and give it a style, just as he likes to see external nature subdued, made serviceable, "stilisirt"; it is the weak who hate the restrictions of a style, who want to be "natural," "free" ("Gay Science," §290). Every morality (and here he uses the term in no disparaging sense) is, in contrast with *laisser-aller* (something he almost uniformly disapproves, whether in politics, economics, or morals—or, I might add, *pace* Professor Babbitt, art), a piece of tyranny against "nature." In his latest work (or rather in fragments that might have become a work, if Nietzsche had lived to weld them) the idea of high or even stern self-control stands out as clear as ever.

There are, indeed, two passages in which Nietzsche might be understood to favor giving the impulses a loose rein. In one he tells us that a man must be able to lose himself at times ("Gay Science," § 305); in the other, that there is so little superiority (*Vornehmheit*) among men because they do not trust their impulses (*Ibid.*, §294). It is true, too, that to Nietzsche the will is itself in a sense an impulse or passion (*Affekt*), though with the differentiating mark from all mere craving or desire that it is a "Commando" (hence the criticism of Schopenhauer's view of the will). Unquestionably, the will is not, to Nietzsche, *supra naturam*, however above all which it puts beneath it and makes subject, *i. e.*, the whole range of what we ordinarily call our impulsive life. But all this is not really inconsistent with the general view as to self-control already explained.

The truth is, Nietzsche is a moralist, not of instinct and impulse, but of culture and discipline all along the line. His view appears in what he says of art, the primary aim of which is to make us endurable, if possible agreeable, to one another, to this end moderating us and holding us in check, creating forms of intercourse, binding the untrained by the laws of decency, of purity, of courtesy, of speech and silence at the right time ("Mixed Opinions and Sayings," §174). But I must not go on. Enough that in the light of what I have said or cited, the assertion that Nietzsche denied "the validity of any check within ourselves contrary to the primitive instincts and impulses of nature" becomes (pardon my saying it) somewhat curious.

WM. MACKINTIRE SALTER.

Cambridge, Mass., April 3.

[We agree in part with our correspondent. The specific ideas of Nietzsche are often sound, but they are sound only by virtue of contradicting his central philosophical thesis. That thesis seems to us best expressed in "Beyond Good and Evil," §36, to this effect: Nothing is real "but our world of desires and passions," and we "cannot sink or rise to any other 'reality' save just the reality of our impulses—for thinking itself is only a relation of these impulses to one another."—ED. NATION.]

HEGEL ON RESPECT FOR LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "Social Justice" (*Nation*, March 14) suggests that it might be a service to this generation to call its attention to the following words:

> In point of fact, the pretentious utterances of recent philosophy regarding the state have been enough to justify any one who cared to meddle with the question, in the conviction that he could prove himself a philosopher by weaving a philosophy out of his own brain. . . . The truth with regard to ethical ideas, the state, the government, and the Constitution ascends, so it declares, out of each man's heart, feeling, and enthusiasm. . . . One of the leaders of this shallow-minded host of philosophers . . . has not hesitated to give utterance to the following notion of the state and Constitution: "When a nation is ruled by a common spirit, then from below, out of the people, will come life sufficient for the discharge of all public business. Living associations, united indissolubly by the holy bond of friendship, will devote themselves to every side of national service, and every means for educating the people." This is the last degree of shallowness, because in it science is looked upon as developing, not out of thought or conception, but out of direct perception and random fancy. . . . By this old wives' decoction, which consists in founding upon the feelings what has been for many centuries the labor of reason and understanding, we no longer need the guidance of any ruling conception of thought. . . .
>
> The particular kind of evil consciousness developed by the wishy-washy eloquence already alluded to, may be detected in the following way. It is most unspiritual, when it speaks most of the spirit. It is the most dead and leathern, when it talks of the scope of life. When it is exhibiting the greatest self-seeking and vanity, it has most on its tongue the words "people" and "nation." But its peculiar mark, bound on its very forehead, is its hatred of law. Right and ethical principle, the actual world of right and ethical life, are apprehended in thought, and by thought are given definite, general, and rational form, and this reasoned right finds expression in law. But feeling, which seeks its own pleasure, and conscience, which finds right in private conviction, regard the law as their most bitter foe. The right, which takes the shape of law and duty, is by feeling looked upon as a shackle or dead cold letter. . . . Hence the law . . . is the shibboleth, by means of which are detected the false brethren and friends of the so-called people. (Hegel, "The Philosophy of Right," in Dyde's translation.)

E. V. M.

Chicago, April 2.

RUSSIAN DIMINUTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to Mr. M.'s letter (*Nation*, March 28), I should say that the regular diminutive of Aleksándr in Russian is Sásha. The form Sáshka implies contempt, unless an approximation to peasants' language has been effected of late years. I never heard the form Sashók, but on the analogy of *glazók* (little eye) or *druzhók* (little friend), it would indicate tenderness.

The fact that the Russian child calls his father *papásha*, and his mother

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mamásha, shows that words ending in *a* are not necessarily of the feminine gender. The less general rules about a little-known subject the better! The female name Aleksándra is not familiar to me, but I suppose a girl of such a name would be called Sásha. An Irish boy and an American girl need not quarrel if they bear the same name—Florence.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., March 30.

TENNYSON'S "CHARACTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen your review (February 29) of Lord Tennyson's volume entitled "Tennyson and his Friends." May I, as one greatly interested in the memory of that "splendid" scholar, the late Master of Trinity, Dr. W. H. Thompson, whom I much admired, venture to say that the poem which your reviewer quotes, entitled "A Character," has nothing whatever to do with Dr. Thompson and does not refer to him at all. It is, as your reviewer justly says, a "caustic portrait," and it is a very striking poem to have been produced by so young a man. It was first published in 1830 and was a description of an undergraduate contemporary with Tennyson himself, a Mr. Sunderland, "a plausible Parliament-like speaker" at the Cambridge Union. There is no doubt about this. It is now generally well known, though perhaps not generally stated. The late Master of Trinity was one of Tennyson's best friends and it would have been quite impossible that Tennyson should have written of him as he wrote in the "Character." The *Nation* has such a high literary reputation in this country that I have thought I might venture to offer this small correction. A full description of Mr. Sunderland will be found in Sir T. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton."

T. HERBERT WARREN,
President of Magdalen and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

Oxford, March 23.

THE BEGGARS' AND VAGRANTS' LITANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any reader of the *Nation* locate in print "The Beggars' and Vagrants' Litany"? It is an elusive title occasionally referred to, but is not mentioned in Chandler's "Literature of Roguery," his "Romances of Roguery," Ribton-Turner's "Vagrants and Vagrancy," nor in any of the bibliographies of the subject that the writer has seen. Two of our largest university libraries and two of the largest public libraries have searched for it without success.

JOHN B. KAISER.

University of Illinois, April 2.

CONSULAR SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* of February 29, F. W. K. comments upon the examination of candidates for the Diplomatic and Consular Service. I have prepared several candidates for these examinations, one or two of whom were successful, at a time when college men who were severely trained in languages and economics were refused. Seasoned men often pass. Men of good address, who are otherwise average, stand a chance of getting through. F. W. K. makes two or three wild assumptions. The examination is not under the civil service. The questions as to income are proper, from the standpoint (1) of indicating standards of living; (2) whether or not the applicant is a commercial traveller in disguise, and (3) that the candidate is not disposed to abuse his franking privileges, credit, etc. The "Information" issued by the department is as fair as can be expected, when the needs and personnel of the department are subject to constant change.

CHARLES WHITNEY BABCOCK.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 30.

Literature

WILLIAM JAMES.

Memories and Studies. By William James. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

William James. By Emile Boutroux. The same. $1 net.

William James and Other Essays. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

"Memories and Studies" is somewhat different in tissue from any other volume from William James's hand. That is, it has an almost even literary texture throughout. Although a collection of scattered addresses, articles, fragments, it gives us the author, by good fortune, always in his literary, imaginative, and less metaphysical vein. It takes its place at once amongst our best American essay-volumes, full of the taste of a personal quality. That personal quality is now well-known. No spirit in our literature shines with a warmer and ruddier glow. Like well-nigh everything that William James wrote, it is not only full of the personality of its author, but is about personality. It is the most popular expression of his attitude towards life. That was an attitude of sympathy with free and striving individuals, of the love of peace, of rooted belief in the scholar and his social value, but of an equally rooted distrust of even the highest influences when turned into regulation and institution:

> The memory of Davidson will always strengthen my faith in personal freedom and its spontaneities, and make me less unqualifiedly respectful than ever of "Civilization," with its herding and branding, licensing and degree-giving, authorizing and appointing, and in general regulating and administering by system the lives of human beings. Surely the individual, the person in the singular number, is the more fundamental phenomenon, and the social institution, of whatever grade, is but secondary and ministerial. Many as are the interests which social systems satisfy, always unsatisfied interests remain over, and among them are interests to which system, as such, does violence whenever it lays its hand upon us. The best Commonwealth will always be the one that most cherishes the men who represent the residual interests, the one that leaves the largest scope to their peculiarities.

The volume contains commemorative pieces on Louis Agassiz, Emerson, Robert Gould Shaw, Francis Boott, Thomas Davidson, Herbert Spencer, and Frederick W. H. Myers. The paper on the last-named and the "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher" join themselves in the reader's mind as giving us the last word of perhaps the only eminent psychologist who ventured with perfect freedom and unconcern into the region of the "supernormal," so remote from scientific respectability. Then we have a most sympathetic rendering of that "trumpet-blast of oracular mysticism," the philosophy of Mr. Benjamin Paul Blood of Amsterdam, N. Y., "a city otherwise, I imagine, quite unvisited by the Muses"; four addresses on university ideals; two pieces on war and a "moral substitute" therefor; a paper that might be called "A Moral Psychologist at the California Earthquake"; and, finally, the most fruitful deliverance in a book rich in suggestion, "The Energies of Men":

> The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect . . . is this, that it should help you to know a good man when you see him. . . . Mankind does nothing save through initiative on the part of the inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us—these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.* Our democratic problem thus is stated in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the *x* and the *y* of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

But, to abbreviate Mr. James's thesis, we may not try to tell the superior man by Ph.D. examinations. According to the entertaining article on The Ph.D. Octopus, universities and colleges should "give up their unspeakably silly ambition to bespangle their lists of officers with these doctorial titles. Let them look more to substance and less to vanity and sham." Let them give the doctorate just as they give the bachelor's degree for a due amount of time spent in patient labor in a special department of learning, whether the man be a brilliantly gifted individual or not. "Every man of native power who might take a higher degree and refuses to do so, because examinations interfere with the free following out of his more immediate intellectual aims, deserves well of his country." The nobility of these educational addresses is worthy of Emerson, but theirs is a ruddier fire. Still,

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there are other elements in a university besides periods of patient labor on the one hand and the unchartered freedom of gifted individuals on the other. The bones of the ambitious and defeated dullards, for whom Mr. James has such a characteristic sympathy, would hardly whiten the road to the doctor's degree were there always early, full, and frank conference with the professor in charge. That professor should be, and on the whole is, able to judge whether or not the aspirant is able to "make a contribution to science" on the subject in question. Such a contribution by no means depends on brilliant gifts. Conscientious research, coupled with good sense, often carries farther. It does not fully appear why graduate study alone of all human occupations should be counted on to keep its full industry and effort in the absence of responsibilities. Nor have we ever known a man fit for university teaching who could not take the Ph.D. degree.

James's attitude towards psychic research was, of course, of a piece with the fearless freedom from conventionality, the respect for personal testimony, and the interest in the unusual, that played so great a part in making all his work valuable. His final position is that psychical phenomena, despite all fraud and fancy, contain a residuum of unexplained reality. Nothing could be more judicial than his attitude, so far as impartiality goes. But the value he attached to personal impressions of truth seems greater than he allows to the dull impersonal sifting of evidence and wary counting of the chances of deception. Psychic research has certainly been fruitful enough in observation to be pushed with all ardor and perseverance. Still, the question suggests itself whether there has ever been a subject in which high aims and the spirit of scientific impartiality have availed so little for want of the resolute and desperate methods of cautious shrewdness. As the problem stands now, probably James's last word of encouragement to research is the best that could be spoken.

In laying out work for the future, however, the most valuable thing in the volume is the paper on Human Energy. Pointing out the striking evidence that as a rule men habitually live below the level of their own capacities, he sets for the future two chief problems: First, what are the limits of human faculty in various directions; secondly, by what diversity of means in the differing types of human beings may the faculties be stimulated to their best results? He offers this as a methodical programme of scientific inquiry, and proceeds to give remarkable cases by way of answer to the second. The problem was one calculated to fascinate James, whose own reserves of vitality must have been immense. But, for application, it is the first question that imperatively demands reply. In bringing stimulus to bear, where does over-stimulation begin? We recall how two of the most eminent physicians of the country heard this address and the impression of power that it made upon them. The very reading of it is "dynamogenic." Its author could have left no legacy more fully charged with his manful spirit, his sense of the richness of human nature, his unflagging interest in practical results.

M. Boutroux's small volume is a simplified and charmingly sympathetic account of James's thought in its chief philosophical departments. We are reminded of James's striking article on M. Boutroux's work, published in the *Nation* at the time of the latter's visit to this country. For the student the book offers two or three bits of aid through skilful interpretation of points in pragmatism. For the popular reader the presentment is not untrue or unhelpful. But the reading of any one of James's own works would be better. On the whole, it makes the subject somewhat too easy, and we feel afresh that where the German is in danger of over-thoroughness and over-persistence, the temptation that besets the Frenchman's literary tact is to leave his subject with a few elegant and superficially lucid remarks. We feel that Mr. James's own vein was as different from the French quality, which he relished, as from the German quality, which he so often half-sympathetically satirized. He had too much sense of reality either for cumbrous and artificial system or urbane and superficial ease.

Professor Royce's Phi Beta Kappa address, another noble commemorative essay of a friend, turns to the field of philosophical history, which always fascinates the author. He asks what was James's relation to American history. By way of answer he places him with Jonathan Edwards and with Emerson, as one of our three nationally representative philosophers. This stretches the meaning of philosophy not a little to include Emerson, who after all was a perceiver and not a thinker, and who was neither grounded in technical philosophy nor capable of understanding it. Strictly speaking, James and Jonathan Edwards stand as the foremost here, and curious is the contrast between them: Edwards, the most sustained and pertinacious of thinkers; James, a man of flashes and magnificent glimpses—"philosophizing in spots," as he himself expressed it. If we are to consider truth, light shed upon life, we cannot hesitate to pronounce James the most considerable contributor to philosophy that this country has produced. Professor Royce describes him as "the interpreter of the ethical spirit of his time and of his people—the interpreter who has pointed the way beyond the trivialities which he so well understood and transcended towards that 'Rule of Reason' which the prophetic maxim of our supreme court has just brought afresh to the attention of our people." That Professor James pointed us to the "Rule of Reason" is a singularly unexpected comment. True it is that he has many ties of kinship with the youthful, unconventional, aspiring, reckless, manful American spirit. But American life, especially since the Civil War—that is, in the period to which Professor Royce refers, has had something else in it, a powerful march towards organization; towards the efficiency and security that come of order, and this element finds little reflection in James's work. To reflect it was not his function. He was a force of expansion, not a force of concentration. He "opens doors and windows," shakes out a mind that has long lain in the creases of prejudice. He is the most vital and gifted exemplar of intellectual sympathy. And it would be very easy to exaggerate the influence of his American environment upon his thought. The decisive force was not environment but temperament.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Matador of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is not the Mr. Bennett of "Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" who has written these short stories, but the Mr. Bennett of "Helen with the High Hand" and "Buried Alive." In two or three of them, notably "The Idiot" and "Beginning the New Year," he employs the grim realism of his more serious work; but for the most part he is content with the recognized tools of the popular short-story writer. He is animated and whimsical, epigrammatic and brusque—not always clear of jauntiness. He is fond of leading up to an impossible situation, and leaving it to the reader to picture the scene for himself—retiring, for his part, with some such ejaculation as "Oh, the meal!" or "What a night!" He departs from his usual habit of telling a story straight from his own shoulder by making the interlocutor, in a number of instances, a curator of the British Museum, sent to the Five Towns in his capacity of expert in ceramics. The impression of Knype and Bursley is therefore that of an outsider; and certain local traits are brought out in a relief which, writing as an initiate, Mr. Bennett is wont to keep in their natural perspective. The longest tale of this group, "The Death of Simon Fuge," is somewhat suggestive of "Buried Alive." Fuge is a painter famous everywhere but in his own country, where he is recalled as a boy who "ran away from home once, didn't he, and his mother had a port-wine stain on her left cheek." There is a single unfin-

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ished sketch of Fuge's, unfavorably hung and little valued, in the brand-new museum of Bursley's pride; and the London expert is consoled by the reflection that this little picture is bound in the end to get the better of the Five Towns—to be recognized as the chief jewel among its possessions. The Mrs. Brindley of this story (the lady who remembers Fuge by his mother's left cheek) is almost worthy to be compared with the incomparable Alice of "Buried Alive."

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet: A Detective Story. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Stevenson was wise to stick to the well-known formula of the professional detective pitted against the amateur. Conan Doyle saw its advantage, and Gaston Leroux employed it in the best thing he ever wrote. The device, by setting up an open rivalry, gives the ratiocination intense interest and spurs on the reader similarly to his best efforts. The mystery centres in a house on lower Fifth Avenue, occupied by Philip Vantine, a bachelor, who has just brought from Europe an antique cabinet. Oddly enough, the Paris dealers have delivered, in place of the one he bought, what he, as a connoisseur, recognizes to be the original cabinet made by Boule for Madame de Montespan and presented to her by Louis XIV. While Vantine is talking over the matter upstairs with his lawyer, a Frenchman, unknown to either of them, sends up his card, and is bidden to wait below in a room adjoining that which contains the cabinet. A few minutes later he is found dead from a snake-like bite on his right hand. That evening Vantine succumbs on the same spot in the same mysterious way, with apparently no witnesses present to tell how it happened. Grady, the chief of the Detective Bureau, is called in, and Godfrey, the *Record* man assigned to detective cases, sets to, realizing that he has a chance to make the "scoop" of a life-time. To the duel between the two men, and more especially to that carried on by Godfrey with "L'Invincible" of the Parisian criminal world, we must give high praise. The story is absorbing and has a real climax. Its only weakness concerns the Paris dealers—we leave the reader to discover it.

Jacquine of the Hut. By E. Gallienne Robin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Channel Islands furnish the background and the local color for this story; the time (we should never guess it unless the author had told us) is the latter part of the eighteenth century. The style is of the modern romance-and-water variety. There is a motto chosen rather significantly from Charlotte Brontë: for the hero is an inferior specimen of the Rochester type beloved of women novelists. Jacquine herself is a marvellous combination of beauty, audacity, and virtue. Her devotion to the hero survives shocks which we believe would have chilled the passion of a Jane Eyre. When Ricart gives a dinner in honor of his engagement to Oriane, her rich rival, he orders Jacquine to be forcibly put out of his house. However, he is really in love with Jacquine throughout the story; he marries the rich Oriane only because he needs her money to pay his gambling debts. After Oriane has been providentially removed by ill-treatment and smallpox, Jacquine is rewarded by succeeding to her place. The proposal scene gives to the artist who is responsible for the frontispiece in colors an opportunity to represent the raven-haired and Amazonian heroine as a delicate little blonde.

To M. L. G., or He Who Passed. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is an eminently advertisable novel, nicely designed to please those who would naturally turn to the "personal column" for help in a personal crisis. For the benefit of the lover whom she has dismissed with assumed coldness, the actress with a past tells all—anonymously—and publishes the resulting autobiographical confession in a volume tagged with His initials. Truly a discreet and delicate method of enlightening the banished one, inviting his return, of unburdening the lady's mind of its dark secret, while at the same time saving the lady's face. What the unfortunate fair one is timidly resolved to divulge, under the cover of publicity, consists primarily of a crudely detailed account of a neglected childhood and girlhood which led to the stage as the natural and indeed only possible career, and opened to her inexperience the deplorable "easiest way." This history is followed briefly by a vague rhapsodical chronicle of soul expansion under the elevating influences of an extended sojourn abroad. It was a Parisian theatrical performance that awakened her moral sense; it was a cypress tree in Venice that convinced her there was a God. Under Italian skies, Browning and Ruskin became her literary fare; she developed a taste for Shakespeare's plays. Then London and He were added to the full measure of her experience.—He, an "intellectual Englishman" with an "Oxford voice" and "eyebrows like Galahad's," romantically dignified, too, by the experiences of a "soldiering life."

The plain vulgarity of the earlier views of American theatrical life is, on the whole, preferable to the stilted sentimentality of the close. As to the retarded mental development of the woman who is credited with years of eminent success on the American stage before she acquires the rudiments of culture, one may be permitted to doubt as to whether immorality is, after all, the prime requisite to theatrical distinction—even in the United States.

The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

There is no actual town in the South more real than the Ruckersville (near Atlanta, Ga.), which Mrs. Harris has evoked as the scene of this amusing extravaganza. Into the somnolent atmosphere that has settled over this place since the war, suddenly reënters Ruckersville's most disreputable but most lively son, who has been West and made a fortune—how, it matters not. Naturally, he falls in love with the disreputable, but gorgeously beautiful, daughter of Ruckersville—and there you have all the plot that is necessary for this chronicle of small things.

The heroine of the tale, however, is really a blind woman, who has her husband, a drunkard of sadly broken gentility, write down her meditations on the vanities of life about her. She is the Angel whose record her spouse, after interpolating his own sulphurous comments, publishes anonymously in a magazine. What scandal is caused thereby in the high society of Ruckersville, and how the hero from the West uses the idea to galvanize the reluctant citizens into strange activity—these things are the delightful substance of the book.

Mrs. Harris writes of nature and men with a knowledge of their hidden moods that has a touch of genius. Her abundance of epigram is so extraordinary that she might well spare a number of those which drag the sex-instinct into undue prominence, a few of those which are just in bad taste. With a little more restraint, a little pruning here and there, she would please the most fastidious reader without losing her interest for the many.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE.

Recollections of a Long Life. By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With additional extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by His Daughter, Lady Dorchester. Vols. V and VI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These concluding volumes of one of the most important of recent memoirs take up the story of Hobhouse's life in 1834 and carry it down to 1852. The last entry, dated April 22, is the brief and fitting record of an honor won by long years of service in Parliament and by peculiar devotion to the Queen:

I was invested with the Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace. H. M. smiled when

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she gave me her hand to kiss for the third time in the ceremony: a very unusual honor, as I was told!

He had just retired finally from office, on the resignation of Lord John Russell in February, 1852. His death came suddenly June 3, 1869, in his eighty-third year.

Though interesting in itself, this third instalment of the Diary and Recollections has neither the romantic attraction of the first volumes in which Byron and Napoleon played their thunderous parts nor the political value of the succeeding volumes which gave the story of the Reform bill. We find Hobhouse now in a kind of backwater. Peel resigned April 8, 1835, and the second Melbourne Cabinet came in with the feeling that sufficient had been accomplished in the way of reform and that things should be kept for the most part in a state of rest. They had against them, as Hobhouse acknowledges, the King, the court, the Lords, the army, the navy, the church, the law, the squires, and the magistracy. William IV was particularly bitter towards Lord John Russell. "Lord Palmerston told me," Hobhouse records, "that, at table the other day, two bishops being present, some one talked of Lord John Russell's health, on which H. M. said, 'If you will answer for his death, I will answer for his damnation.'" The humor of the remark, we may observe, lies partly in the curious inversion of rôles between bishops and crown. Hobhouse, it may be added, was quite as bitter on his side and decidedly less witty. He never misses an opportunity of flinging a nasty epithet at Peel, as a man disagreeable in private manners, awkward and shy, tricky with the Queen, and a "shabby fellow" generally. Brougham is represented as a monster of insane egotism. Grey is merely contemptible:

> Lord Grey was in high dudgeon, and though surrounded by old friends and late colleagues and connections, hardly spoke a word, and never asked a man to take a glass of wine with him. Lansdowne told me, amongst other proofs of his intractable temper and foolish pettiness, that he had complained of not being asked to speak on the Irish bill. Lord Lansdowne added that he was angry at not being what he might have been, Prime Minister, and could not forgive Lord Melbourne his success. If Melbourne had failed he would have been his strenuous supporter. Now he does nothing but grumble and growl. For my own part, I must say that the more I see, the less I think of him; and am surprised how, by mere fluency of speech and arrogance of manner, this really inferior man has contrived to lead a great party, and to connect his name imperishably with the most splendid triumphs of British legislation.

As a matter of fact, the second Melbourne Cabinet was in an impossible position and was much of the time in a state of panic which did not conduce to good temper—except in the imperturbable Prime Minister himself. We see Hobhouse, an ardent supporter of the Reform bill, now withstanding the Ballot because, as he says, following Peel in this, "it would take away that influence over the vote which preserves the representative system, in our country, from being of too democratic a character." We find him also against the repeal of the Corn laws, and the most dramatic pages of these new volumes are those that relate the struggles of the Cabinet in the summer and autumn of 1841 to hold back the repeal and to retain office. Particularly vivid is the account of the Cabinet meeting at Lansdowne House on May 19th.

The bulk of the present volumes is a disconnected and rather commonplace journal of dinners and other social events, which does not lend itself to easy consecutive reading. A charming portrait of the young Queen might be evoked by patching together paragraphs scattered through the pages. There are no careful character studies, but here and there a good *mot* is set down or an amusing story recorded. We may quote a few of these without comment:

> Lord Holland told me some profligate sayings of George Selwyn's, whom he knew when a boy, a formal man in a bag-wig and sword; he hated the Whigs, but liked Charles Fox. He had a house at Marston, where Charles I had escaped. George III came to visit it; and Selwyn, although a most abject flatterer of that King, said, "It is curious my house has been visited by two Kings, and both lost their heads." George III had recently been mad.
>
> Mr. Coke told me that he hardly ever heard Mr. Fox speak harshly of any man. Some one happening to say to him, "You must allow Sir John Lade was a stupid man," Fox replied: "I allow no such thing; he was a d—d clever fellow, the best driver of a four-in-hand in England, and a man who does what he attempts very well cannot be called stupid."
>
> Mr. Standish, who had just arrived from Paris, told us that Lord Brougham, on coming to Paris the other day, ordered the postilions to drive him to the Tuileries, that he might report his arrival to the King. It was half-past eleven, and his Majesty had gone to bed.
>
> Sydney Smith told me in the drawing-room that he called Macaulay "a book in breeches," and that the Queen, hearing of it, said that was just what he was.

THREE ASPECTS OF LABRADOR.

Through Trackless Labrador. By H. Hesketh Prichard. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $4 net.

Among the Eskimos of Labrador. By Dr. S. K. Hutton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

In Northern Labrador. By William Brooks Cabot. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2.50 net.

The layman is hard put to it to appreciate the lure which attracts so many men of more than common parts to "the Labrador," that bleak and barren waste, held during the long winter in the paralyzing grip of the ice-king, and scourged during the short summer by myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Men like Dr. Grenfell and Father Browne went there, of course, to minister to the material and spiritual welfare of the natives, especially those of white blood, fishermen and the descendants of fishermen attracted thither by the fish-abounding coasts, far from which they never venture. Then there are the explorers and geographers, Hind, McLean, Lacasse, Cary, Cole, Low, and the rest. Lastly, come the journalists and sportsmen, actuated by the spirit of adventure or the desire to obtain a good "story." Perhaps as good an explanation as any of Labrador's fascination is contained in one of Mr. Cabot's sentences: "The invitation of the country to a traveller with a taste for unworn places is unusual." Unworn the Labrador certainly is. Inland more than a few miles from the coast its vast map has been but scratched here and there by the geographer, and Mr. Cabot's book-title is far truer and less misleading than such a one as "Through Trackless Labrador." No white man has as yet gone really through Labrador, though some have traversed considerable portions of it.

Of the three books here reviewed, that of Mr. Prichard is the record of a sportsman; that of Dr. Hutton the narrative of life near to, if not actually among, the Eskimos; while Mr. Cabot's relates the experiences of a sportsman-explorer, whose ethnological talents, patience, and endurance have made him the one great authority on the Indians of Labrador.

In Mr. Prichard's book that well-known cricketer and big-game hunter describes accurately and often vividly a "little exploring trip from the Atlantic Coast (Nain) to the George River over an unknown route"; he adds much information, more or less second-hand, about the country, its inhabitants, and its fauna. The importance of his beautifully made volume will be found to lie in the narrative of the hunting and angling experiences of himself and his companion, as well as in his excellent advice regarding outfit, seasons, and localities. He does, indeed, furnish us with a sketch-map of the route taken, which was, as alleged, hitherto unexplored, and his own personal observations are valuable. He hoped to find Indians on his way, and, had he explored Indian House Lake, his farthest west, before turning back towards the coast, he would have discovered a large encampment of them on its very banks, for they were there, waiting for the caribou migration, at that time. Mr. Prichard's dictum in regard to Labrador sport is to the effect that, while the fishing for salmon, trout, and sea-trout is very fine,

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and the hunting often good, nevertheless none but the toughest and keenest of sportsmen should go there, for it is a land of real hardship, and the mosquitoes and flies are quite indescribable in their ferocity. It is a pity that this handsome volume contains no index.

Dr. Hutton's "Among the Eskimos of Labrador," as he says in his opening paragraph, "presents a plain picture of the Eskimos, . . . a people among whom I have lived for some years past, and with whom I have come into the closest contact." And though he did not live with the Eskimos in the intimate sense that Mr. Cabot did with the Indians, he has approached his task with enthusiasm, and succeeded in giving us a very interesting and accurate picture of Eskimo life and character. Mr. Cabot, an admirer rather of the Indian than the Eskimo, remarks that "one's first-time approach to a really unmodified Eskimo in a warm day is apt to be a staggering experience." Dr. Hutton, while not holding up the Eskimos as a cleanly race, explains their condition from their mode of life. "In the north, where no trees grow, and seal-oil lamps provide light and a meagre tinge of warmth for the huts, the people look dirty. The huts are small, and all the work of skinning and dressing the seals must be done in them, because out-of-doors everything freezes as hard as stone." In the summer time they do wash their clothes, the women and girls trampling upon them in the shallow brooks, smoking their pipes the while! Smoking is essentially an Indian habit, and Dr. Hutton wonders where the Eskimo learned it. "Was it the 'pipe of peace,' after one of their old quarrels, that started the craving? Or did they first get it from passing vessels? Perhaps so; but who can tell? Eskimos and Indians are hereditary foes; even in my time I have seen Eskimos scared at the mention of 'Indian,' and when I travelled southward my drivers once asked me in awestruck voices, 'Shall we see the Allat (Indians)?'" But, "though the Eskimo is just a big child in his outlook on the wider world, . . . in the things of his own daily life he is a full-grown man. In the grim task of wresting a living from his stern surroundings, the Eskimo excels." In spite of superstitions and uncleanliness, and a certain denseness of comprehension, he possesses qualities of endurance and fortitude that will lead to his advancement in civilization. Dr. Hutton's book is better illustrated than bound, and contains an index.

Mr. Cabot, after resisting for some years the entreaties of his friends, has now set down for us the record of many of his wanderings. He visited Labrador before the beginning of this century, and since then has made five expeditions thither, having many objects in view—adventure, sport, exploration, but chiefly the study of the Indians. He evidently has a "happy hand" with the aborigines, who have given him their confidence to a degree denied to other white men. It is significant that this quiet, patient, sympathetic, and courageous Bostonian, pushing on and on farther out upon the barrens, not only came in contact with both Montagnais and Naskapis (Nascaupees), but lived long with them in their lodges. The finding of his Indian friends, the winning of them, and his life with them, hunting, fishing, playing, and enduring hardships, form one of the most fascinating narratives we have ever read. It deals with wilder Labrador as authoritatively as does that of Dr. Grenfell with the more civilized coast country. Unfortunately, the book, though well printed and illustrated with photographs by the author, lacks an index and an adequate map.

The American Transportation Question. By Samuel O. Dunn. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

In this interesting volume the editor of the *Railway Age Gazette* has presented his view of the present-day railway problem and his method of solution. Notwithstanding his professional affiliations, he has given an eminently fair treatment of the questions at issue. While one may at many points disagree with his conclusions, one can hardly question the sincerity with which he has handled his material or the deliberation and care with which he has reached his final judgment.

Two introductory chapters are devoted to principles of rate-making as a necessary introduction to the later problems. These chapters are clear, logical, and well-balanced. Due recognition is given to the principle of cost in the fixing of rates and at the same time the limitations of the cost element are clearly indicated. Successive chapters deal with discrimination, valuation, efficiency, relation of railways to waterways, and Government regulation. Upon all these questions the author throws light, and adds to the clearness and interest of his exposition by abundance of apt illustration drawn from actual railway controversies.

His remedies for discrimination, frequently advocated by students of transportation, are pooling under Government control and power on the part of the Commission to prescribe a minimum rate. Mr. Dunn finds little to be accomplished from any universal physical valuation of railways. It would not aid in any way in determining the reasonableness of a specific rate, and could be but a minor aid in establishing the justice of an entire schedule of rates.

The discussion of efficiency helps the reader to adjust his mind to the extravagant claims of the modern apostle of "scientific efficiency." The author does not spare the feelings of the railway operating officer, and points out clearly the many extravagances in competitive service, and the enormous cost of reckless management as revealed in the accident record. Yet the real obstacle to a thoroughgoing application of economy in railway operation is shown to be the conflict between economy in operation and efficiency in service. In fact, it is the author's belief that as population becomes denser there will be a steadily increased demand for more frequent service of a less-than-carload character, which works against the effort to furnish service at lower cost. It means an increase in the cost of distribution, already a serious factor in our present high cost of living.

Waterways, in the opinion of the author, should not be constructed merely as potential agencies of traffic for the purpose of keeping rail rates down. Direct regulation of railway rates is a less costly method of protecting the public, and water routes should be constructed only when the traffic demand has been clearly demonstrated in advance. The effectiveness of Government regulation would be promoted, in Mr. Dunn's opinion, by a separation of the powers now exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission which should confine this body largely to its judicial functions. Control over capitalization is desirable not to prevent high rates, to which capitalization has but little relation, but to insure a proper investment of the proceeds of security issues.

Although the treatment of the various topics is generally acceptable, a few points of disagreement may be noted. The author's defence of the imposition of a low rate for the long haul by a circuitous route in competition with a direct route is hardly convincing. Such a low competitive rate is only justified if it *creates* its own traffic, not if it divides existing traffic. To the "Commodities Clause," incorrectly called the "Carmack Amendment," is given a narrower application than it probably will have when the Supreme Court gets the opportunity to pass upon cases other than those involving coal mines. Hearty endorsement of the huge expenditures for railway terminals in the cities seems hardly warranted; much of this expenditure is sheer waste. Mr. Dunn's pessimism concerning the development of water traffic appears to be more profound than the situation warrants, and there is much economic and social defence, notwithstanding his statement to the contrary, for the construction by the Government of trunk-line waterways. Only in his opinion as to the expertness and impartiality of the Commission and in his attitude towards organized railway labor does the author betray a prejudiced attitude, and here the position taken is not pronounced. It is

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unfortunate that in this stimulating book no reference is made to the question of Government ownership, which is coming to have an increasing interest and importance. Yet as the present-day problem is the subject of consideration, the question of nationalization may very properly have been reserved for later treatment.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey. By James Gairdner, C.B. Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This third volume of Dr. Gairdner's great work on the English Reformation continues the process so clearly outlined in the two previous ones (see *Nation*, May 27, 1909). His object is to assign to the thing he calls "Lollardy" (so far as we can understand him, the principle of independent thought in religion) the place it properly occupied in the change from papal to royal supremacy. The former volumes have been abundantly criticised, as was to have been expected, from the most opposite quarters. They could satisfy neither the Romanist nor the Dissenter, nor even the moderate Anglican, and we predict the same fate for the volume before us. The most interesting part of it is the somewhat long introduction in which the venerable author tries to set himself right with his critics. He describes himself here as a "mere retired archivist" in distinction from a "real historian," and avows his incapacity for a "full treatment of this vast subject." He further frankly disclaims historic impartiality and calls the attempt at it a going back to paganism. He devotes several pages to defence of his use of the word "heretic" as applied to persons who were declared heretics by their contemporaries. The controversy is not very important, but we incline to think he has rather the better of it. Just what his mental attitude towards authority in belief is we may well see from this:

> I do not reject absolutely even the doctrine of transubstantiation, if it can be shown to be reasonable. But as yet I cannot say that I see it in that light; and if I am asked to subject my own reason to the Church, I am ready to do so—to a Church that is really universal.

This, we confess, seems to us mere words. Such a universal church never existed and never will exist. Dr. Gairdner balks at certain dictations of mediæval philosophy, but he has no patience with other persons whose thought carries them beyond his own limits. He approves many consequences of the English Reformation, but he abhors every manifestation of that spirit of independent inquiry and every appeal to that principle of individual reason which supplied the spiritual forces that made the permanent establishment of the English Church possible. We can readily imagine how a learned scholar with a mental equipment of this sort would approach the reign of Edward VI. Dr. Gairdner's narrative, which he fairly warns us is not even an attempt at "an exhaustive history" of that reign, is colored throughout by his contempt for everything that shows us the free working of individual minds. All such evidence belongs either to "aristocratic Lollardy," which was a sort of sport, or to "the fervid Scriptural Lollardy of half-instructed men." All the literary product of the former class is dismissed in a couple of pages as wholly contemptible. As to the second class: "fervor" and "Scripture" are red rags to Dr. Gairdner. They seem to him the chief expressions of that unwillingness to accept the powers that were which is to him the worst of vices, easily turned into the most dangerous crime. The reader desiring to gain an idea of the constructive processes by which the English Church under Edward VI was laying the foundations of its future greatness and gaining its permanent hold on the loyalty of the English people, will be greatly disappointed. We sincerely hope that Dr. Gairdner may be spared to complete his plan and give us a fourth volume on the happy restoration of good Queen Mary. We shall then be able to judge even more accurately where his sympathies lie.

Notes

The Historical Guides of the late Grant Allen are appearing from the press of Holt, in a new, revised form.

The attitude of the Australian aborigines towards the white man's religion is the subject of James Francis Dwyer's "The White Waterfall"; it is in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the following recent or forthcoming publications: "The American Year Book for 1911"; "The Founders of Modern Psychology," by G. Stanley Hall; "Lafcadio Hearn," by Nina H. Kennard; "The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne," by Lewis Melville; "The American Transportation Question," by Samuel O. Dunn; "The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall," edited by William Bennett Munro; "The Regulation of Municipal Utilities," by Clyde L. King; "The Coming Generation," by William Byron Forbush.—Fiction: "Japonette," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Sins of the Father," by Thomas Dixon; "Sharrow," by Bettina von Hutten; "The Price She Paid," by David Graham Phillips; "The Postmaster," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "The Maker of Opportunities," by George Gibbs; "The Charioteers," by Mary Tappan Wright; "Halcyone," by Elinor Glyn; "Carnival," by Compton Mackenzie; "The Favor of Kings," by Mary Hastings Bradley; "The Department Store," by Margaret Bohme, translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne; "Faith Brandon," by Henrietta Dana Skinner; "The Mystery of the Second Shot," by Rufus Gilmore; "The Trevor Case," by Natalie S. Lincoln, and "The Nameless Thing," by Melville Davisson Post.—Juveniles: "Bucking the Line," by William Heyliger, and "The Border Watch," by Joseph A. Altsheler.

George W. Jacobs & Co. are bringing out this spring: "The One-Way Trail," a story of the cattle country by Ridgwell Cullum; "The Stake," a novel by Jay Cady; "The Development of Worship in the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church," by Alfred G. Mortimer; "The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen," an old tale retold by Felicite Lefevre, new edition, and "I Ask of God," by Harriet Hobson.

This season's books published by Richard G. Badger include, in history: "Favorites of Louis XIV," by Le Petit Homme Rouge; "Life of Jonathan Trumbull," by his great-grandson, and "History of the New York Nautical School," by Capt. N. S. Osbon.—Sociology and philosophy: "The Anarchist Ideal," by R. M. Wenley; "The Present-Day Problem of Crime," by Albert H. Currier; "Vibration and Life," by D. T. Smith; "Thought and Religion," by James William Loeber, and "The Mechanism and Interpretation of Dreams," by Morton Prince.—General literature: "Cupid en Route," by Ralph Henry Barbour, illustrated; "The Village Green," by Eugene Wood, illustrated; "English Balladry and Other Papers," by Frank E. Bryant; "World Epics," by Helen A. Clarke; "Shakespeare Studies," by William A. Rader; "Shakespeare Study Programmes," by Charlotte Porter; and "Rambles with John Burroughs," by R. J. H. De Loach.

Among the Century Co.'s forthcoming books are "The Strangling of Persia," by W. Morgan Shuster; "The Social Drift, Studies in Contemporary Society," by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, and new novels by Samuel Merwin and David Gray.

Joseph King Goodrich, in "Africa of To-day," to be published by McClurg, treats the missionary problem of that country historically, and shows, in particular, the part played by England and America.

Prominent among the spring books of the A. S. Barnes Co. is Mrs. Jennette E. C. Lincoln's "The Festival Book," which describes May Day pastimes and the Maypole.

"The Autobiography of Thomas DeWitt Talmage"; "What Is and What Might Be," by Edward G. A. Holmes, for many years chief inspector of elementary schools in Great Britain; "The Flaw in the Crystal," by May Sinclair, and "The Permanent Uncle," by Douglas Goldring are in preparation by Dutton.

Included in the spring and summer announcements of the Dodge Publishing Co. are twelve volumes of the Poetry and Life series, edited by William Henry Hudson; "Every Boy's Book of Hobbies," by Cecil H. Bullivant; "A Song of Life," by Albert J. Atkins; "Baby's Happy Days," by Alice Goss; "Bergson," a new volume by Joseph Solomon in Philosophies Ancient and Modern series; The Pilgrim Books, designed for travellers and including "William Shakespeare," "Charles Lamb," "William Wordsworth," "Charles Dickens," "William Morris," "Alfred Tennyson," and "John Ruskin"; "The Reflections of a Mean Man," by

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Walter Pulitzer, and "Stories of the Hudson," by Washington Irving, illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes April 20: "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin; "Alexander's Bride," by Willa S. Cather; "The Jonathan Papers," by Elisabeth Woodbridge; "Scum o' the Earth and Other Poems," by Robert Haven Schauffler; "The Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth," by J. N. Larned, and "The Riverside Fourth Reader."

Prof. Arthur H. R. Fairchild is preparing a volume on "The Making of Poetry." It is promised by Putnams for May.

Fiction is the main item in Little, Brown & Co.'s spring announcements. It includes: "The Bandbox," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Young Beck," by McDonnell Bodkin; "The Lighted Way," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Peter Ruff and the Double-Four," the same; "The Mountain Girl," by Payne Erskine; "The Saintsbury Affair," by Roman Doubleday; "Her Word of Honor," by Edith Macvane; "The Mainspring," by Charles Agnew MacLean; "My Demon Motor Boat," by George Fitch; "The Sunken Submarine," by Capt. Danrit; "Sanna of the Island Town," by Mary E. Waller; "Lonesome Land," by B. M. Bower; "The Big Fish," by H. B. Marriott Watson; "The Under Trail," by Anna A. Chapin. —Miscellaneous: "The British West Indies," by Algernon E. Aspinall; "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lilian W. Babcock; "A Handbook of Home Economics," by Etta Proctor Flagg; "The Anomalies of the English Law," by S. Beach Chester, and "The Young Crusaders," by George P. Atwater.

The following are Oxford books announced by Frowde: History and biography: "Lord Durham's Report," by Sir Charles Lucas; "The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century," by R. L. Poole; "Companion to Roman History," by H. Stuart Jones; "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History," Vol. III, edited by Prof. Paul Vinogradoff; "The English Factories in India, 1642-45," by W. Foster; "Mill's Liberty, Representative Government," and the same author's "The Subjection of Women," introduction by Mrs. Henry Fawcett.—Theology and philosophy: "Eusebiana," by H. J. Lawlor; "Hegel's Formal Logic," translated by H. S. Macran, and "The Book of Enoch," edited by R. H. Charles, new edition.—Classics: "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us," by R. W. Livingstone; "A Commentary on Herodotus," by W. W. How and J. Wells: "Homer, Hymns, etc.," edited by T. W. Allen; "Horace," edited by E. C. Wickham, revised by H. W. Garrod; "Philostratus's Apollonius of Tyana," translated by J. S. Phillimore, two volumes; "Tacitus's Histories," translated by W. Hamilton Fyfe, two volumes, and "Demosthenes's Public Speeches," translated by A. W. Pickard-Cambridge, two volumes.—Miscellaneous: "The Poems and Masks of Aurelian Townsend," edited by E. K. Chambers; "The Science of Etymology," by W. W. Skeat; Oxford English Dictionary, Vol. IX, Th—Thy; "Spenser," edited by J. C. Smith and E. de Sélincourt; "Blackmore's Lorna Doone," introduction by T. Herbert Warren; "A Book of English Essays, 1600-1900," by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackwell; "Problems of the Roman Criminal Law," by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; "John of Gaddesden and the Rosa Medicinæ," by H. P. Cholmeley, and "A Concordance to Dante's Latin Works," by E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins.

The Chinese frontiers of India are described in the *Geographical Journal* for March by Archibald Rose, who as British consul in Yunnan has come into close touch with the frontier problems of China. He gives much valuable information in regard to the turbulent border tribes and explains how they are gradually losing their predatory habits and are coming under control by the extension of orderly government and honest administration. He emphasizes the intense vitality of the Chinese and their hearty friendship for the English. Abundant evidence is also given that in these parts of Asia hundreds of thousands of square miles of interesting and unknown territory are still waiting to be explored. Prof. Norman Collie tells of some explorations in a part of the Canadian Rockies which for the wonderful beauty of the scenery and especially of the numerous lakes bids fair to become the "playground of all America." A preliminary report of the recent Yale Peruvian expedition is given by the director, Prof. H. Bingham. The ruins of a number of Inca or pre-Inca cities were discovered, and some 3,000 specimens of plants and insects were collected. Of much scientific interest, judging from the long and animated discussion at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, are Dr. John S. Owens's experiments on the settlement of sand in running water.

Under a needlessly uninforming title, "The Vicissitudes of a Lady-in-Waiting" (by Eugène Welvert, translated by Lilian O'Neill: John Lane Co.), we have a gossipy relation of the private life of Louis de Narbonne and his mother. The former is familiar to students of the French Revolution as the War Minister of Louis XVI *in the spring of 1792*. He became "suspect" after the 10th of August, but thanks to a fortunate friendship with Madame de Staël he lay safely concealed in her house during the fatal domiciliary visits, and finally escaped to England where he joined the circle of clever conversationalists around Fanny Burney and Talleyrand. Later he returned to France, and in spite of Talleyrand's apparent ill-will he became an aide-de-camp of Napoleon and lived through the suffering of the Russian campaign. The author has constructed the story of this chequered career by copious clippings from well-known memoirs, and also by some serious researches in the French archives. That he is impartial and objective it would be rash to maintain. Narbonne's mother was a faithful uninteresting lady-in-waiting to Louis XVI's royal aunts, Adélaïde and Victoire. Her son's extravagance and her consequent financial bankruptcy reflect in miniature what was happening to the old monarchy of the Ancien Régime on a grand scale. After the adoption of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy and the emigration of the old nobility, the royal aunts decided that they preferred to hear mass in Rome rather than Paris. They set out for the frontier on the night of the 19th of February, 1791, with Madame Narbonne as lady-in-waiting, and Louis de Narbonne as escort. The author's detailed account of their flight (the preparations for their secret departure were so hasty that when detained on their journey by the suspicious patriots of Arnay-le-Duc these scions of royalty had to stay in bed while their scanty linen was washed), is the most valuable part of the book. It is drawn directly from the sources, and is especially interesting when compared with the King and Queen's similar flight to Varennes, just four months later.

The present condition of the Turkish defences of the western entrance of the Dardanelles is described in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for March, by Gen. A. Janke. The article is accompanied by a colored map showing the exact position of each of the numerous forts and batteries, as well as the depth of the water. A brief sketch of the principal events in the French conquest of Wadai, a country in north central Africa, is given by Dr. H. Moeser, and Dr. F. Nölke discusses the question whether or not the Glacial Period was due to the lowering of temperature.

A welcome little outdoor book, fit for the pocket, is "The Rolling Earth: Outdoor Scenes and Thoughts from the Writings of Walt Whitman" (Houghton Mifflin). The selections are from the journals and poems, and show Whitman keenly observant of and exultant in his surroundings. "To my mind," says John Burroughs in the preface, "Whitman was the poet of the earth considered as an orb in the heavens . . . [He] revelled in thoughts of the whole scheme of things." This aspect of Whitman is fully shown in the book, but we see him also as the lover of birds and butterflies, of weeds and bees.

The key-note of the two volumes on "An Imperial Victim: Marie Louise" (Brentano's), by Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, is struck in the dedication: "To the memory of a tender heart, a ruler beloved, a devoted daughter, a faithful friend, a wronged woman, as sinned against as sinning." We have thus before us another compilation of sentimental memoirs closely resembling its many predecessors during the past year or two. There is a fatal sameness about all of them. Not a touch of originality, not a single clever remark, not a graphic description or characterization, rises above the dead level of dull mediocrity. Still, Mrs. Cuthell knows how to copy, diligently and not without discrimination, from good sources, mainly French (though she hardly mentions a single book), and her volumes have at least the negative merit of being almost wholly free from scandalous gossip, slippery as the ground is on which she necessarily moves. Although mainly concerned with the wrongs done to her heroine, she is not wholly oblivious of her weaknesses, and if any confirmation were needed of Marie Louise's heartless behavior towards Napoleon these pages would clearly furnish them. Entirely aside from the pressure exercised by her father, the Emperor Francis, and her lover, Count Neipperg, Marie Louise had not a particle of feeling for her husband as soon as he left France. She now cuts a sorry figure even in the eyes of Austrian historiographers, the older of whom had attempted the whitewashing process with much more learning and ability than Mrs. Cuthell has at her command. Her volumes show a carelessness in proofreading unusual even in

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books of this class. The German *Umlaut* is throughout withheld or bestowed in a purely arbitrary fashion. "Frankfürt," "Schönbrünn," "Wölkersdorf," "Innsbrück," alternate with spellings like "Furstenberg." But there are many worse blemishes. Sometimes only the initiated will recognize the places aimed at in such wretched misprints (or are they ignorant transliterations?) as "Kaschaaw" (for Kaschau), "Hintzendorf" (for Hetzendorf), "Kalemberg" (for Kahlenberg), etc., etc.

"The Modern Woman's Rights Movement," by Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher, translated from the German by Dr. Carl C. Eckhardt (Macmillan), is a veritable cyclopædia of information, carefully gathered from authoritative sources, regarding the status and progress of the woman's rights movement throughout the world. Dr. Schirmacher writes as an advocate, and is at times pretty caustic in her treatment of conservatives and opponents: as witness the statement, uncomfortably near the truth in some places, that the chief supporters of the "Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage" in this country "are found among the saloon-keepers, the habitual drunkards, and the women of the upper classes." Where she chiefly errs is in the assumption, easily made by champions of reform, that the creation of societies or committees, the presentation of petitions, or the working up of public demonstrations is an accurate indication of the extent of popular interest in the subject. On the state of the woman movement in continental Europe, the volume presents the most comprehensive account yet available in English. Dr. Eckhardt has added notes, and brought the statistics up to date. A few slips in the American portion might properly have been corrected. The salaries of women professors in American universities are not always equal to those of men; nor do the students of women's colleges commonly "play football in male costume, the public being excluded."

One of the most famous legendary historical scenes which Voltaire's cleverness invented and endowed with persistent life is that in which the beautiful young Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, fleeing from Vienna to Presburg with her infant in her arms, appears in the Hungarian Diet and appeals for aid against her perfidious enemies; whereupon her loyal Hungarian subjects cry out: "Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa." From a careful study of the daily register of the legislative proceedings and contemporary letters, Mary Maxwell Moffat ("Maria Theresa," E. P. Dutton & Co.) shows that Voltaire quite overlooked the long struggle which the young ruler had to go through before she overcame the suspicions which her Hapsburg ancestors and their German ministers had implanted in the Magyar people. As the author tells the story, it is dramatic enough without Voltaire's embellishments. Her clear scholarly biography of Maria Theresa, based on solid material and furnished with some twenty illustrations, portrays excellently the personal life and character of a remarkable woman and her numerous family. Miss Moffatt makes no attempt to discuss, except incidentally, the kaleidoscopic events of Maria Theresa's foreign policy; but she gives good brief accounts of the improvements which took place under her in education, medicine, music, and morals, and in the various branches of the domestic administration of the Austrian Monarchy.

Disgusted with the insistent adulation and the goody-goody praise which the biographer usually bestows upon the Queen, Clare Jerrold, in "The Early Court of Queen Victoria" (Putnam), seeks to give a true account of the far from perfect environment and the unpleasant relatives who surrounded the youthful princess in the decade of her accession. By mixing a mass of second-hand anecdotes with the effervescent froth of court gossip and the author's own moralizings a volume is produced which is neither dull nor mendacious. The most unlovely figure in it is the Duchess of Kent, who had kept such an unremitting surveillance on her daughter, Victoria, that it was said she had never let the princess out of her sight by day or night for more than ten minutes at a time. People feared that the Duchess, not the Princess, would rule England when the Princess became the Queen. Their minds were soon relieved. When Victoria returned to her apartments after the trying ceremonies of receiving the oaths of allegiance, her first regal words to her mother were the pathetic request: "I wish, my dear mamma, to be left alone for two hours!"

The New Mediæval Library (Duffield) could hardly have done without a volume representing the songs of the troubadours, for those songs, as the ultimate source of the later mediæval and the Petrarchan lyric, deserve the filial reverence of every lover of poetry, and there are among them many of rare beauty and a few of stirring vigor. Miss Barbara Smythe, in "Trobador Poets," has undertaken to translate for the English reader some sixty poems of the best-known troubadours. Her task was one of extreme difficulty. The Provençal text is full of pitfalls for the unwary, the troubadours rather sought than shunned obscurity, their phrases are distorted by the exigencies of intricate stanzaic structure, and many of the words which recur most frequently, as *joi, joven,* and *domneiar,* have technical courtly values that are beyond the connotation of any brief equivalents. Miss Smythe's translations, some in prose, some in imitative verse, are remarkably accurate. She is thoroughly familiar with the language and the thought of the troubadours, and she has contrived to make her rendering literal as well as clear. Unfortunately, her prose and verse are both pedestrian; the phrasing is that of common conversation, the lines are too light to carry real substance, and there is no richness in the rhymes. Interesting her versions are, but they convey to the reader very little of the original poetry. One may mention as more than usually successful the verse rendering of the resonant song in praise of war attributed to Bertran de Born, and the translation, also in verse, of the first of the love poems of Guilhem de Cabestanh. Miss Smythe's choice of poems is notably good. The book offers much that will be new and valuable to those whose knowledge of the Provençal lyric is derived only from the anthologies of Appel and Crescini.

"The American Government" (Lippincott), by Frederic J. Haskin, shows all the familiar skill of the practiced syndicate writer in marshalling facts for the hurrying commuter; and the publishers have done their part by making the book light enough to hold easily for a full thirty-minute run. As a description of the surface operations of Government, the work has substantial merits. It contains a truly vast amount of information, its plan is orderly, it avoids theoretical discussions, and it is extremely readable. A novel feature is the advertised approval of the several chapters by the heads or high officials of the departments or bureaus described. In the presence of a list of names, ranging from President Taft to John Barrett, the most hardened critic would hardly dare withhold commendation. Fortunately, the volume has the virtue of an intelligent compilation, and will deserve all the popularity which it may attain.

Many books have been written to commemorate a smaller event than a visit to the North Pole. Matthew A. Henson, author of "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole" (Stokes), had been Rear-Admiral Peary's body-servant for twenty-one years and his companion in every Arctic venture since 1891, before he attained the distinction of being with Peary the only man from civilization to reach the Pole. Mr. Henson's little book is a narrative of personal impressions, told for the most part in straightforward style, but marred here and there by bits of passionate prose which one imagines was inserted by another hand than the author's. There was no particular necessity for the brief introduction by Booker T. Washington, in which is pointed out with almost Teutonic scholarship how the negro has been the white man's companion in the history of discovery since the earliest voyages of the sixteenth century. We could have spared the elaboration of the same truth in the author's own words:

> From the building of the Pyramids and the journey to the Cross, to the discovery of the New World and the discovery of the North Pole, the negro has been the faithful companion of the Caucasian, and I felt all that it was possible for me to feel, that it was I, a lowly member of my race, who had been chosen by fate to represent it in this almost the last of the world's great *work.*

Mr. Henson makes no attempt to give a full and consecutive account of the dash for the Pole. Completeness in such a story means the inclusion of a great deal of astronomical and other scientific data based on fuller records than Mr. Henson, in the nature of the case, was able to compile. Yet it is a story that will bear repetition, and Mr. Henson has told it in a form that will propably have its appeal to many people who would hesitate before the formidable bulk of Peary's own authoritative account.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph Pearson Farley, U. S. A., retired, who died in Charleston, S. C., on Saturday, aged seventy-three, had served, after distinguished conduct in the Civil War, at the Military Academy at West Point, and on various ordnance boards. He was also an author, among his books being: "West Point in the Early 60's" and "Three Rivers: A Retrospect of War and Peace."

The death is reported from Bologna, Italy, of Giovanni Pascoli, the Italian poet, and the successor, at the university of that town, of Giosue Carducci in the chair of Italian literature.

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Science

THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

The recent joint meeting of the American Physical Society and Section B of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Washington in the Christmas holidays, was distinguished chiefly by the attention given to certain novel theories of physics. The presidential address of Prof. W. F. Magie, "On the Primary Concepts of Physics," is significant of a reaction against the domination of these new ideas; and the symposium which followed showed very clearly a sharp line of cleavage between the classical and modern schools of mechanics. The address has been printed in *Science* for February 23, and is worthy of careful study.

The science of physics seems to be suffering, these latter days, from an attack of intellectual indigestion. While physicists feel that their subject has always shown a healthy growth, yet, as a rule, new discoveries have been made slowly enough to be fitted into theory without causing serious trouble. But now phenomena connected with Roentgen rays, radioactivity, and the discharge of electricity in rarefied gases have compelled us to adopt new methods of experimentation, and the resulting discoveries have been so rapid as to upset our theories, and even to shake our ideas concerning the primary concepts of science. Since the beginning of modern physics, from the days, that is, of Galileo and Newton, physicists have been building their laws and their theories on the same primary mechanical concepts of space, time, and mass. Through all this time, the first two have evoked little discussion, and differences of opinion about the concept of matter have been, for the most part, merely a question of precedence regarding mass, force, and energy. As Professor Magie points out in his presidential address, this unanimity of thought existed because we believed that "the universe has a real existence apart from our perceptions of it, and that through its relations to our minds it imposes upon us certain common elementary notions which are true and shared by everybody."

Now, in the past, as new phenomena were discovered, theories were advanced to explain them in terms of these primary mechanical concepts, and if discrepancies remained between the theory and the phenomena, the theory was abandoned or allowed to lie dormant, but the concepts were not questioned. This may be called the classic attitude; but a new scientific method, which may be called the school of transcendental symbolism, has been lately evolved by German physicists. As examples of this method, two notable theories may be cited: the Theory of Quanta by Prof. Max Planck of Berlin, and the Principle of Relativity by Prof. Albert Einstein of Zurich. Both of these are abstruse and technical in their development, but their underlying principles are simple enough.

Professor Planck, from experiments on the heat radiation of bodies, derives a formula to express its distribution in the spectrum, and comes to the opinion that all the radiant energy given out by a body is discontinuous. As a result, we shall have to abandon our invariable method of expressing physical laws by the mathematical analysis of the calculus, since that is based on the laws of continuous action. Furthermore, since the Theory of Quanta holds that bodies move by interrupted jumps instead of continuously, the resulting system of mechanics would have no relation to our normal experience which feels time and space to be continuous.

Professor Einstein takes, as his starting point, the fact that certain experiments (especially one by Professors Michelson and Morley), to determine the mutual action of matter and the æther on the velocity of light, fail to give any positive results. He therefore accepts this nugatory result; assumes, as a postulate, that the velocity of light in space is an absolute constant unaffected by the motion of matter, in conformity with the experiment, and denies the existence of the æther. From thence, by steps we need not here follow, he also draws the conclusion that we must radically alter our concepts of space and time, and abandon our concept of mass. In this new Theory of Relativity, as it is called, the dimensions and the inertia of a body, and the measurement of time, are not stationary quantities, but vary in accordance with the velocity of the body as it moves. Furthermore this relativity of mass and time to motion depends on a mathematical formula purely abstract in source and character. This really amounts to saying that experience is not a criterion of truth and that we must rely on an inward sentiment of knowledge as revealed in subjective formulæ.

Both Professor Einstein's theory of Relativity and Professor Planck's theory of Quanta are proclaimed somewhat noisily to be the greatest revolutions in scientific method since the time of Newton. That they are revolutionary there can be no doubt, in so far as they substitute mathematical symbols as the basis of science and deny that any concrete experience underlies these symbols, thus replacing an objective by a subjective universe. The question remains whether this change is a step forward or backward, into light or into obscurity. It is held, and apparently rightly, that the revolution effected by Galileo and Newton was to replace the metaphysical methods of the schoolman by the experimental methods of the scientist. Now the new methods might seem to be just the reversal of that step, so that, if there is here any revolution in thought, it is in reality a return to the scholastic methods of the Middle Ages.

Undoubtedly the German mind is prone to carry a theory to its logical conclusion, even if it leads into unfathomable depths. On the other hand, Anglo-Saxons are apt to demand a practical result, even at the expense of logic. As Professor Duhem once remarked, they wish to construct a tangible model of sticks and strings to illustrate their most profound ideas. And it is apparent that they are beginning to grow restive under the domination of this new transcendental method, and to question where all this metaphysical speculation is hurrying them. For this reason, the address of Professor Magie on the primary concepts of physics is significant.

In a very scholarly way, Professor Magie reviews the opinions of the masters of the classical mechanics on the concepts of matter, space, and time. For the first of these, he shows that such men as Galileo, Newton, Lagrange, and Lord Kelvin have all agreed in taking the direct sense of muscular force as the source of our primary concept of matter, and in holding this sense as an adequate base for a rigorous science like physics. And he might have added to this list the name of Sir Joseph Larmor, who displays in his treatise on "Æther and Matter" the most philosophical spirit of any living physicist. Professor Magie allies himself emphatically with this view. But when it becomes necessary to provide a unit by which to measure forces, he finds authority to be either contradictory or, at least, vague. In his own opinion, force is the primary concept and mass is a concept derived from it. But, because of the permanency of masses of matter, we find it convenient to construct our system of measurement with mass as one of the fundamental units. This we are able to do without directly measuring forces, since the accelerations of two mutually acting bodies are inversely proportional to their masses, so that we may use these masses and their accelerations to measure forces. Thus, while force is primary in order of thought, it becomes secondary to mass in order of measurement.

When Professor Magie undertakes the consideration of the other two primary concepts, space and time, one notices a symptom of uncertainty and restlessness. Past writers discussed these concepts very briefly, whereas those who are now advocating the Principle of Relativity do so with such an air of assurance and finality that a modest man may hesitate to express his doubts. They may stagger us when they require us to believe that the length of a body becomes less if it is put in motion, and

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that clocks run slower when they move than when they are at rest; but, on the other hand, they offer the most alluring seduction to the mind, when, by the simplest kind of mathematics, they appear to subdue the whole universe to their ideas. Professor Magie points out that the chief incentive to the development of the theory of relativity is the desire to express all natural phenomena by a set of simple equations; and he is right when he objects to making the demand for simplicity the chief purpose of a scientific theory. It is better to keep science in homely contact with our sensations at the expense of unity than to build a universe on a simplified scheme of abstract equations. The main question, however, is whether or not the principle will explain natural phenomena in a satisfactory manner as they appear to us. Professor Magie evidently thinks it will not, and that we had better keep to the concrete models of atoms and the æther, which are imaginable even if they are quite artificial. And in the last analysis, a solution of our problems must be intelligible to the man of general intelligence as well as to the trained specialist. From the contradictory statements of the specialists themselves he might also include them in the class which finds the Principle of Relativity of dubious clarity. L. T. M.

"Social Life in the Insect World," announced by the Century Company, is by the French naturalist, J. H. Fabre.

Walter P. Wright is bringing out, through Stokes, "Roses and Rose Gardens."

"First Year in Number," by Franklin S. Hoyt and Harriet E. Peet, is in Houghton Mifflin Company's list.

Science books in the spring list of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Primary Malignant Growths of the Lungs and Bronchi: A Pathological and Clinical Study," by Dr. I. Adler; "The Mechanics of the Aeroplane: A Text-Book," by Capt. Duchêne, translated by John H. Ledeboer and T. O'B. Hubbard; "Monographs on Biochemistry," edited by R. H. Aders Plimmer and F. G. Hopkins.

Recent additions to Cassell & Co.'s list are: "The Complete Gardener," by H. H. Thomas; the same author's "The Garden at Home," and Cassell's "Cyclopedia of Photography."

"Heredity and Eugenics," a book in preparation by the University of Chicago press, is made up of lectures given at the University by John M. Coulter, William Ernest Castle, Edward Murray East, William Lawrence Tower, and Charles Benedict Davenport.

Science books in the list of George W. Jacobs & Co. include: "365 Chafing-Dish Recipes," new edition, and "Jacobs' Friend to Friend Cable Code."

Emma Paddock Telford has placed with Cupples & Leon her "Standard Paper-Bag Cookery."

The first number of *Bedrock*, a new quarterly review of scientific thought, just published by Constable & Co. of London, opens with an article on the "Value of a Logic of Method," by J. Welton, professor of education in the University of Leeds; G. Archdall Reid discusses "Recent Researches on Alcoholism"; E. W. Poulton, Hope professor of zoölogy in the University of Oxford, writes on "Darwin and Bergson as Interpreters of Evolution"; A. H. Gibson, professor of engineering in the University of Dundee, has an article on "The Inter-Action of Passing Ships." The number also includes papers on "The Stars in Their Courses" (being substantially the Halley lecture for 1911), by H. H. Turner, Savilian professor of astronomy in the University of Oxford, and on "Social and Sexual Evolution," by The Hermit of Prague, as well as "Notes on Current Research."

We are glad to note the publication of Candace Wheeler's popular and entirely charming "Content in a Garden" (Houghton Mifflin), in an attractive pocket edition that will recommend the book to those who read most pleasurably beside the hollyhocks and under the willows.

To their series of House and Garden Making Books, McBride, Nast &. Co. have added "Making a Rose Garden," by Henry H. Saylor. There are other and more formidable—or disheartening—books on the difficult art of rose-growing; but this little handbook of fifty pages, by virtue of its brevity, simplicity, and conciseness, is as good a guide as the novice can find. The book is equipped with a glossary and with lists of "dependable" roses.

Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, who has already, besides his technical work, done good service in giving wider general currency to scientific theories, has now applied himself to the moral aspects of evolution. The title of his new book is "Beyond War: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man" (Holt), and this, with a few words from the last page, will indicate sufficiently the scope and tendency of the volume (the Latin is Professor Kellogg's):

> Man has a uniform motion in a straight line toward a revolutionary goal, of which War is an absolutely impossible part. The motion of Man is toward mutual aid, altruism. War is all that these are not. These are life conditions that oppose all War. The inertia of the evolutionary movement of Man will overcome the inertia of the lessening resistance to this movement. War is already an anachronism in the life of *Homo sapiens*. The evolutionary mode of the Blond race has moved beyond it. The leaders will fall into the mode or fall out of their places. *Homo superioris* will be, whatever else he is, BEYOND WAR.

Dr. John Herr Musser, one of the widely known physicians in the country, died last week in Philadelphia. He was especially noted as a diagnostician. Dr. Musser was fifty-five years old. Several works on medical subjects bear his name.

Prof. Abbott Lawrence Rotch, founder of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, died on Friday in Boston. He was born in 1861, and, after a youth spent in Europe, took a course in mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating in 1884. The following year he established his observatory, which soon achieved distinction for the accuracy of the observations recorded, and especially for the experiments made with kites. Professor Rotch observed for meteorological purposes the three solar eclipses of 1887, 1889, and 1893—the first in Russia with Kreppen and Upton; that of 1889 with Upton in California, and that of 1893 with the Harvard Observatory expedition in Chili. He was a member of several international commissions and congresses, and received various insignia of honor from foreign learned societies and governments. In 1906 Harvard made him professor of meteorology. Besides numerous articles, he wrote the more elaborate treatises: "Sounding the Ocean of the Air" and "The Conquest of the Air."

Perry L. Hobbs, professor of chemistry in Western Reserve University, whose death is reported in his fiftieth year, became well known through his experiments in the manufacture of concrete. He was a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals.

Drama

Maurice Maeterlinck. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.

Aglavaine and Selysette. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. The same. $1.25 net.

Edward Thomas's marked gift for criticism in general is supplemented by specific aptitudes in the case of Maeterlinck. He has a fine sense and a fine memory for literary flavors, and his allusion and comparison roam widely in the search for pleasing and unsuspected kinships. The critic's intuitions are safeguarded, however, by a wise distrust of unverified intuition, and his specifications are as punctual as his insights. He has, in short, the prime requisite for weighing Maeterlinck: he can be charmed without being hoodwinked.

Mr. Thomas wisely collects the few biographical particulars in the opening chapter and avoids those spatters of narration which have the effect of an interruption, almost an impertinence, in a predominantly critical work. The literary evolution of Maeterlinck is then solicitously traced. Mr. Thomas emphasizes the transition in his works from somnambulism to actuality, from the Oriental sense of man's prostration before the power of a hostile mystery to the robust European consciousness of man's strength in himself and the efficacy of resistance, from despair based on lethargy to the optimism of endeavor. Space and care are bestowed upon the dramas, but the author seems to find the great appeal and ultimate test of Maeterlinck in the essays. Are these beautiful works only another form of the "Blue Bird," a sublimation of the fairy tale, in which the wonder and the prettiness constitute in the last analysis nothing more than the latest and most ethereal phase in the subtilization of pleasure? Mr. Thomas's adhesion to this view seems clear from his declaration that Maeterlinck is "more a rhetorician than a mystic, though he deals in mystical ideas." At the end of the

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book one divines in the author a conviction, the weight of which is reinforced by his capacity for sympathetic response to the finest and airiest of Maeterlinck's versatile appeals, that we are here in the presence of an exquisite literary gift unsupported by that measure of personality, vitality, and character which gives supremacy and perpetuity to literature.

Mr. Thomas's English is correct and readable, though scarcely on the plane of the expectation induced by the sensitiveness of his mind and taste in other matters. He lacks the narrative gift, and to this—in a critic—pardonable defect he gives a quite needless prominence by his habit of reciting plots not only circumstantially, but sometimes twice over. Mr. Thomas is a phrase-maker, and the product ranges in merit from rare felicities of precise characterization to fortuities in which the words merely jostle. There are instances where the phrases seem extraneous, not to the matter, but to the style, and we feel that the dignity of plainness is lost without a compensating gain in beauty.

Alfred Sutro's revised translation of "Aglavaine and Selysette" is preceded by a sugared preface which a vein of interesting personal reminiscence saves from dulness, though not from insubstantiality. In the new version Mr. Sutro has allowed himself the widest latitude in retrenching the French text; he thinks nothing of cutting out five lines, eight lines, ten lines, and in one place has sacrificed an entire page of the Lacomblez text of the French original (see pages 68, 73, 75, 77, 79, 90, translation). Neither wisdom nor poetry nor dramatic force avails to protect a passage from these unintelligible proscriptions. In other respects the variations from the old version are not important, though they show a praiseworthy leaning toward idiom and simplicity. Mr. Sutro translates what he consents to translate with a deference to the original which keeps well on this side of slavishness; the use of paraphrase, within fairly conservative limits, is abundant. But the author exceeds his privilege when he turns straightforwardness into indirection or plainness into ornament. For instance, the simple French, "Plus je t'embrasserai et plus je serai sûre de ne pas me tromper" is poeticized thus: "every kiss will whisper to me that I am not wrong." The lovely words of Melisgrane in relation to Aglavaine: "Elle n'a jamais dormi sur mes genoux, ma Sélysette," which relinquish none of their charm in a word-for-word translation, are attenuated into: "I have never lulled her to sleep on my knee, Sélysette." Credit must be given for contrary instances in which Mr. Sutro's version betters the original without falsifying it. Thus the anæmic French phrase, "Il ne faut pleurer que le plus tard possible," is rendered into warm and moving English: "But we do well to keep back our tears as long as we can."

Viewed as a piece of English, the translation hardly comes up to Mr. Sutro's admirable renderings of the essays—versions which almost gave the art of translation a new dignity; but it is not unworthy of such a sisterhood or of such a parentage. The English is invariably clear, usually correct, exempt from Gallicisms and from awkwardness, availing itself skilfully of the sincerity and poignancy of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables.

Houghton Mifflin will bring out this month "The Gray Stocking, and Other Plays," by Maurice Baring, and "Children's Classics in Dramatic Form, Book V," by Augusta Stevenson.

Richard Badger publishes this season the following dramas: "For Happiness," by Stanislav Pshibishevsky; "By Ourselves," by Ludwig Fulda; "Twilight," by Ernest Rosner; "The Forest Warden," by Otto Ludwig; "Fortune Favors Fools," by Ivan Narody; "Judith," by Friedrich Hebbel; "The Dear Saint Elizabeth," by Elizabeth O'B. Lummis; "Plays," by Daniel Bedinger Lucas, and "Pocahontas: A Pageant," by Margaret Ullmann.

Prof. M. Lyle Spencer of Lawrence College has put much labor and research into his book on the "Corpus Christi Pageants in England" (Baker & Taylor), and has collected a mass of minute and curious information concerning the cost and the methods of the representations of those ancient peripatetic religious dramas. His work will be of value to the general reader having neither time nor inclination for a laborious study of the original authorities, but does not add much to the sum of common information on the subject. He makes diligent use of the existent records, but these are so fragmentary, and often so vague or contradictory, that it is difficult to get very definite impressions from them. After all, the minor details of the performances are not of much present importance except to the ardent antiquarian. The nature of the plays we know—from such copies of them as have been preserved. As connecting links between the modern stage and the ancient church, they have a valid literary and historical status, and, in their best estate, they doubtless were a powerful agent in the hands of the clergy, and exerted a wholesome moral influence, but on the dramatic and literary side, they must nearly always have been exceedingly crude affairs. It is certain that in their later days they consisted largely of grotesque buffoonery. Much space in this book is devoted to a discussion of the question whether or not the actors ever used—in addition to their proper movable stage—the permanent platforms which, in certain cities, were erected at the places of exhibition. The evidence on this point is not clear, and a decision one way or the other is not vital. It is not unreasonable, however, to suppose that the players might have been ready to avail themselves of special opportunities when these were offered. The fact that players were fined if they did not act their parts satisfactorily is more to the point. It is a hint by which the moderns might profit.

Charles Frohman's declaration of his intention to have a high-grade stock company in New York, next season, is interesting, but it may be pointed out that it will not fulfil the true functions of a stock company if it has a star at the head of it, to play all the leading parts, whether it be William Gillette or anybody else. If it be true that Mr. Gillette has expressed his readiness to play small as well as important parts, he exhibits a much shrewder comprehension than Mr. Frohman of the intents and possibilities of such an organization. It is the essence of the stock-company idea that every member of it—so far as possible—should play the part for which he may happen to be best fitted, and no other. Mr. Frohman promises frequent changes of bill—which, of course, would be a natural consequence of the scheme—and "plays from any source." This last phrase is somewhat elastic, and might be interpreted in a good many ways, but presumably it is meant to imply judicious selection as well as infinite variety. That is the spirit in which an enterprise of that sort should be conducted, and would insure success, but any attempt to hitch the company to a star would be to court disaster.

A new play is being prepared for Arthur Bourchier and his company at the London Garrick Theatre. It is an adaptation by F. Kinsey Peile of M. Frappa's success in Paris, "Baron de Batz."

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have procured for their special matinées in London the performing rights in the play "Thompson," which, left uncompleted by the late St. John Hankin, has been finished by George Calderon.

Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy began their special performances at the London Kingsway Theatre with a production of Prof. Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides.

"Proud Maisie," by Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., which has just been produced in London, is a romance of the young Pretender. The heroine wears the kilt, primarily because it is a serviceable dress for fencing, in which she is an adept, and, later, because it is a good disguise at a masked ball. For they are holding high revel at Pitcour Castle, to further the cause of Prince Charlie, and the Prince is on the spot. He interrupts a reel to deliver an impassioned address to his faithful followers. When he retires, amid acclamation, there is only one dissentient voice, that of Neil MacAlpine, faithful servant of King George, who is incontinently denounced by young Guy, the son of the house, as a Hanoverian spy. Blows follow, and, of course, a challenge to a duel to the death. But old Pitcour forbids his son to fight, for Neil is a deadly swordsman. Moreover, Neil is true love to Lady Maisie, so that the issue of the combat must be to leave her either brotherless or loverless. In this dilemma, "her only refuge is to die" herself. She still wears the kilt, and by moonlight is the very image of her brother; so she crosses swords with Neil, and is slain. Thereupon, in horror, Neil kills himself. It is not a cheerful story, but is said to have useful theatrical qualities.

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Dr. Karl Mantzius, the Danish author and actor, has decided to retire from the stage, but he will continue in his position of director of the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen.

Music

Johannes Brahms: Handbook to his Vocal Works. By Edwin Evans. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The literature relating to Brahms is growing apace, in England as fast as in Germany, if not faster. Judged by the number and the tone of the English books on this composer, he must be as popular in Great Britain as Handel and Mendelssohn were in the last century. Appearances in this case are, however, somewhat deceptive. The Handel and Mendelssohn cult permeated the whole nation, whereas the adoration of Brahms is largely a specialty of professionals and of a certain limited part of the public which takes its cue from them. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century the composers, also, were much influenced by Brahms; but the men of to-day hearken much more to Richard Strauss, Debussy, and other contemporary Germans and Frenchmen.

The English have more good choirs than any other people. It has been said of them that they take their musical pleasures sadly—two reasons, maybe, why Brahms's choral works particularly appeal to them. Mr. Evans, after calling attention to the immensity of Brahms's choral output, dwells on the "general mournfulness" of his subjects. With the exception of the "Triumphlied," there is not one of the larger works which is based upon a theme of any cheerfulness. Everywhere else we are confronted with the ideas of Fate and Death, even though Brahms did not intend these works, as a rule, for ecclesiastic use. There is reason in Mr. Evans's explanation that "large masses of voices are best directed to themes of serious and noble import." Other composers have, however, also *vertont*, as the Germans say, their cheerful moods, and as Brahms, though not affable and genial, was tolerably prosperous and not morose, it seems odd that he did not relax in some of these multitudinous and varied works for more than one voice. They include 60 quartets with piano, 38 for mixed choir without accompaniment, 28 for female choir, 5 for male choir, and so on.

The present volume is the first of three in which all the compositions of Brahms are to be described in detail. The second is to be concerned with the pianoforte and organ pieces, the third with the chamber and orchestral works. It is not likely that the second and third volumes will be quite so voluminous as the first (which has 599 pages), the productions being fewer; but if the thoroughness of part i is maintained, these three volumes will form a monument of industry no less than of enthusiasm. Mr. Evans's attitude, in his introductory chapters, is a bit amusing. He tries hard to be impartial, to be fair to foe as well as to friend. But he aims a lance at only one of the detractors, Mr. Runciman, ignoring the serious charges of Mr. Newman and others, and of the Herzogenbergs, for instance, who, though intimate friends of Brahms, did not hesitate to chide him for so often putting forth baser metals when he was capable of creating gold. In Mr. Evans's pages there is little or no evidenee that all is not gold in the vast output. Brahms achieved "uniform excellence"; he is absolutely perfect; he did *not* write, as his opponents have said, "musicians' music"; his rhythms are *not* over-complex, his orchestration is *not* "muddy," and so on. The lack of sensuous charm is accounted for by the usual argument: "It would be extremely difficult to name another composer as indifferent as Brahms to the propitiation of the majority afforded by sensuous appeal."

The author's lack of discrimination makes it, unfortunately, difficult to find in his book a guide to what is best in Brahms. In all other respects it is a most useful volume, the equal of which even Germany has not produced, so far as this composer is concerned. The works are not analyzed in groups, but according to the opus numbers. The solo songs are the most numerous class; on these the present popularity of Brahms is chiefly based. There are no fewer than 196 for a single voice and they are printed in 32 opus numbers, each comprising from 2 to 15. In these songs there is much more emotional variety than in the choral works. In addition to the detailed descriptions, the author has an introductory chapter of eight pages in which he gives interesting information regarding Brahms's ideas on song-composing, etc. There is also a brief sketch of his life, besides a table of chronology, a classification of works, and alphabetical and analytical indexes.

"Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing," by Mancini, translated from the Italian by Pietro Buzzi, is announced by Richard G. Badger.

The Thomasschule of Leipzig, the oldest of the kind in Germany, will celebrate this year the seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation. It was there that Johann Sebastian Bach was cantor and conductor of the chorister boys.

Victor Herbert's "Natoma" is to be produced next autumn, with an open-air setting in the scene of the story, at Santa Barbara, California. The cost—about $50,000—will be met by the wife of an oil king, and efforts are being made to get Mary Garden to sing the leading rôle, as she did in New York and elsewhere. The Philharmonic Society played in February the introduction to the third act. Schirmer has just issued a "Natoma" suite, consisting of four numbers.

An interesting concert will be given in the Hotel Astor on Sunday afternoon, April 14, by the Pierian Sodality of Harvard, the oldest of all college orchestras in the country. It is not connected with the musical department of the university, but is an association of students, beginning more than a century ago.

Emmy Destinn has arranged to give a concert at the Waldorf-Astoria on Monday evening, April 15, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Scientific Research Fund of the Treptow-Berlin Observatory, of which Dr. Frederick S. Archenhold is director. Dr. Archenhold arrived in this country recently, having come as delegate from the Treptow Berlin Observatory to attend the 125th annivesary of the Pittsburgh University.

Thanks to Caruso (whose voice has remained in good condition), "I Pagliacci" leads in the number of performances (9) given at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season which ends this week. "La Bohème" follows, with eight. "Aïda" and "Madama Butterfly" had seven each, and so did two German operas, both by Humperdinck: ""Hänsel and Gretel" and "Königskinder." "Lohengrin," "Cavalleria," and "La Gioconda" were sung six times each. Five performances each were given of "Walküre," "Tristan," "Lobetanz," "Girl of the Golden West," "Tosca," "Orfeo," "Donne Curiose," "Rigoletto"; four of "Tannhäuser," "Versiegelt," "Trovatore," "Otello," "Mona," "Armide"; three of "Lucia," "Parsifal," "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Meistersinger," "Ariane," "Faust," "Manon"; two of "Bartered Bride," "Traviata"; one of "Rheingold." Wagner, as usual, leads, with 33 performances, followed by Puccini (25), Verdi (22), Humperdinck (14), etc. There were 76 performances of operas by Italians, 65 by Germans (including Gluck), and nine by French composers. The profits of the season are said to amount to $40,000.

Art

On the Laws of Japanese Painting. By Henry P. Bowie. Illustrated. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. $3.50 net.

For nine years Mr. Bowie worked under the best modern painters of Japan. He enjoyed as well the company of collectors and men of letters. Thus his book, though in bulk hardly more than a long essay, gives an intimate view of the traditions and procedures actually alive to-day in Japanese studios. There is less that is new than a reader of the preface would imagine, yet it would require the reading of a score of books to bring together an equivalent amount of information, and our author contributes vividness quite his own.

The training of a Japanese painter begins with the hand. There are years

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of tracing, copying, arranging, and condensing standard drawings before the aspirant is encouraged to create on his own account. In short, the training is not unlike that which a painter's apprentice received in the Renaissance. Mastery is attained through humble discipleship. But the training of the soul is even more characteristic. Choice feeling is especially required. To attain this, memory of all sorts, with literary and poetical associations, is freely evoked. Every picture must obey the fundamental rule of containing a primary and secondary interest, a positive and negative motive. At every point there must be clear thinking and feeling, which, however, must not impair the spontaneity of the inspiration nor the power of the brush stroke. In making certain angular strokes by which armor or stiff brocades are represented, the painter is bidden to feel as if he were engraving with a point on metal.

Into the complicated matter of the standard strokes, which, despite Mr. Bowie's rather technical disclaimer, borders on calligraphy, we cannot enter. So far as these strokes exact a resolute and consistent handling of the brush, they clearly are a valuable means of education. In Western painting we sadly need some equivalent for this gymnastic of mind and hand. Whether these traditional recipes are working well in Japan to-day may be doubted. Certainly, the Japanese painting of the last generation gives evident signs of overtraining and consequent staleness. It has been disciplined into an over-refined academism, while our painting has been lurching into a restless and still rather feeble anarchy. Of the two spectacles Japan presents the more agreeable, the West possibly the more hopeful.

Mr. Bowie, by describing so clearly this delicate Alexandrian phase of Far Eastern painting, has done a real service to art lovers. His book is well provided with illustrations comprising not merely the doctrine of strokes and of composition, but also the repertory of standard subjects for the months of the year. When once the warning has been given that the Japanese painting of the nineteenth century is relatively decadent, no exception can be taken to this charming book. Nothing else in English gives the Japanese point of view towards art at once so clearly and compactly.

A forthcoming book by Esther Willard Bates and William Orr, "Pageants and Pageantry" (Ginn), furnishes suggestions for the producer of pageants, together with material drawn from past records.

Oxford books on art and archæology in Frowde's list include: "Christian Antiquities in the Nile Valley," by Somers Clarke; "Bronze Age Pottery of Great Britain and Ireland," by J. Abercromby; "European Arms and Armour in the University of Oxford," catalogued by C. Ffoulkes; "Catalogue of Oxford Portraits, I," by Mrs. R. L. Poole, and "English Architecture Explained from Oxford Buildings," by E. A. Greening-Lamborn.

"The Art of the Berlin Galleries," by David C. Preyer (L. C. Page & Co.), may be described as an odd gallimaufry of discursive scholarship, vigorous taste, and cheap and inaccurate English. It contains most of the facts that a tourist would need, and with all its defects has a personal tang unusual in such compilations. But it is full of small errors and misleading statements, and has had no proper revision either from the author or the proofreader. Fra Angelico is a *piagnone*. Art history learns for the first time that "Masaccio was murdered in a Roman street." Ridolfi's absurd story that Giorgione died of lovesick jealousy receives credence. There is no mention of the general belief among critics that the altarpiece of the Virgin, ascribed to Van der Weyden, is merely an old copy, nor yet that only two of the Berlin Botticellis are generally accepted. The Raphael tapestries are called carpets, a cathedral is a Dom. The critic Thoré appears as Thoreau, a reminder that the book is made in Boston.

In a communication sent to the Egyptian Research Students' Association, Prof. Flinders Petrie gives a short report regarding his latest excavations at Memphis and Heliopolis in Egypt. The first discovery made this year was a Roman fort at Shurafa, now identified as Scenas Mandras. The work was carried on there for a month, and then extended up to Atfieh. Here work had to be abandoned after a while, as it appeared that this site was outside the limit conceded to the department; the camp was moved to Kafr Ammar. Excavations here proved of great interest; but the archæological results will not appear until all the tomb cards are carefully worked up at home.

Details of the excavations carried on by the Italian Archæological Mission in Crete during the last season have now come out. The work was continued at two points, at Agia Triada and Gortys. In Agia Triada there was brought to light a prehistoric town, in the middle of which is situated the Lesser Palace, which was discovered some years ago. The most ancient portion of the town was found to be in the western part of the area, where the buildings had been erected very closely together. In these houses many domestic utensils were unearthed. Of great interest was the discovery of a small temple, the front of which was supported by three columns similar to those represented upon the panels of Knossos. At Gortys, which it will be remembered became the capital of the island in Roman times, several discoveries of interest were made. During excavations made upon the site of the citadel and amphitheatre a statue of heroic proportions was unearthed. The most important discovery was made in the circular building of the Agora, which seems to have been a theatre built by the Romans upon the foundations of a Greek building of earlier date. Attached to the walls of the older building were found tablets containing the ancient Codex, of which the great Gortyna inscription discovered at this spot by Professor Halbherr in 1884 was a mere extract.

A number of talents have been combined to produce the volume of "Historical Portraits, 1600-1700," published by the Oxford University Press. The portraits for reproduction have been chosen by Emery Walker; brief lives have been contributed by H. B. Butler and C. R. L. Fletcher, while C. F. Bell has furnished the introduction. The result is interesting and instructive. The great men and women of the age parade before the eye in counterfeit presentment, from his Gracious Majesty James I, who indeed under the hands of an unknown German artist looks more a Calvinistic divine than a monarch, to Bolingbroke and Harley, who really belong to a period beyond the limit set on the title-page of our book. To turn these pages is a study of historic character as well as of art. Unfortunately the latter somewhat detracts from the former. For as portraiture in England (largely, of course, the work of foreigners) became more and more under the influence of Italian art and French fashion, the sharp outlines of character became less and less observable. We cannot quite imagine Bolingbroke, for instance, looking as he is presented by Rigaud, or Harley as he is presented by Kneller. Occasionally even the courtliest of these painters faced the reality honestly, and the result is correspondingly interesting. Thus, the second Duke of Buckingham on Lely's canvas stands before us as he no doubt stood in the flesh, gross and cruel, but with some relics of wit on his insolent features.

Finance

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Continuance of the advance on the Stock Exchange, despite the beginning of the anthracite coal strike, the deficit in bank reserves at the opening of April, the rise in Stock Exchange call money rates to 5 per cent. (the highest since the first week of last December), and despite, also, the strong consensus of opinion in professional Wall Street circles that a substantial reaction was in order—this sequence of events calls for further explanation. That evidences should have multiplied last week of the presence of an "outside public" in the market, did not detract from its interesting aspects. For although the sudden activity of outside speculators has often (as in December, 1904, and November, 1908) been speedily followed by the overdoing of the advance in prices and by a sharp reaction, nevertheless their enthusiasm, even on such occasions, has had something of prophecy for the future.

It is not unreasonable to associate the Stock Exchange excitement of 1904 with the later business prosperity of 1905 and 1906, and the market of 1908 with the "trade boom" of six months later. What unprejudiced and conservative observers are beginning to say of the American outlook may be judged from last week's remark of the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, when reciting to Parliament,

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in his budget speech, the factors of encouragement:

> Conditions in the United States are stronger than they have been for years, and instead of the devastating cyclone we had a few years ago from across the Atlantic, we are likely now to have a steady trade wind. There is only one disturbing factor, the Presidential election, but I do not think that is going to have a very serious effect on the trade of the United States.

Perhaps this fairly expressed the present ideas of financial and industrial America.

There is an odd sort of inverted resemblance between the financial markets of 1907 and those of the past few weeks. Nobody can have forgotten how the Stock Exchange, five years ago, was first ridiculed by the community at large, then scolded, and finally denounced, for presenting a spectacle of demoralized markets and collapsing prices at a moment when general trade was on a scale of unheard-of activity and prosperity. When actual panic came in October, it was simply impossible for the man in the street to explain it. Some people sturdily asserted that it was not a panic at all, because it could not be one. Others called it a foolish "bank flurry," which would never succeed in touching trade. Certain Congressional philosophers ascribed the market's movement wholly to the wicked machinations of the Money Power. All agreed that there was no excuse for such a stock market or for such a money market, in the circumstances of the day.

Now the point of resemblance between that year and 1912 (so far as the history of the later year has been unfolded) is that the present season's rise on the Stock Exchange has inspired exactly similar outside criticism, save that all the surrounding circumstances, like the movement of the market itself, are reversed as compared with 1907. The market has been distrusted for rising rapidly when trade was discouraged, profits small, and the news unfavorable. General sentiment has been to the effect that stocks had no business to go up; that the rise was essentially absurd; in short (as was said of the panicky break in 1907), that there was nothing real about it and that it could not be taken seriously.

No doubt, it still remains for the market, through its own longer action and through the progress of outside events, to show whether such judgment is right or wrong. We had to wait some time for similar evidence after October, 1907; for the conclusive demonstration we had to wait three years. We shall probably have severe reactions to vary even the present trend of things. But in the meantime there is yet another fact regarding the present situation which equally suggests historical comparisons.

Nothing is more self-centred, so to speak, than a financial market. Current events are interpreted with an eye to their probable influence on that one market. Sometimes this habit of judging things causes absolute blindness to what is happening in other financial communities than one's own. It led Wall Street, in 1907, to imagine that nothing unpleasant was happening anywhere else than in America—to which idea the natural corollary was that the whole strain of panic had been caused either by American politics or by the American currency system, and had no relation to any great economic movement elsewhere. The case of the present market is very similar; for although the dramatic nature of the labor uprising in Great Britain attracted Wall Street's attention momentarily to the fact that the London stock market had advanced in the face of that industrial crisis, nevertheless the New York market was assumed to hold the centre of the stage.

Yet, as a matter of fact, events in the stock markets of the past five weeks have been as uniform throughout the financial world as they were in the stock and money markets of 1907. There were four other continents than North America in which stock markets went to wreck that year and panic came, in the teeth of booming trade; and it is at least a coincidence that, in the present season, almost every great financial market of the world, whether in curiosity or in bewilderment or in outright skepticism, has been asking how it happens that prices on that market's particular Stock Exchange can be rising as they are in the face of existing unfavorable circumstances. London and Paris have been discussing the movement on their own stock exchanges, and in their own home stocks, in exactly the spirit which has characterized New York's discussion.

As to why all these markets should have united in this illogical advance, there will be various theories. La Follette will probably have his own suspicions; he was careful, in his Senate speech of 1908, to say that his hundred selected millionaires created booms as well as panics. There are those who will say later on, if not to-day, that in some mysterious way, American politics did the whole of it; whichever party wins the November election, expectation of its victory will infallibly have caused the April rise in stocks. But perhaps some slow-minded philosophers will be left to suggest that the world at large has been conducting a prolonged economic liquidation since 1907; that the process was nearly completed eight or nine months ago; that normal recovery was then legitimately at hand; that it was arrested and replaced by fresh relapse, because of two prevalent ideas which later turned out to be entirely baseless—the general ruin which was to follow dissolution of a Trust, and the war which was about to begin between England, France, and Germany.

If this is a reasonable interpretation of the history of the past few years, and if we had at this year's opening not only a good economic outlook ahead of us, but an unreasonable decline in prices to be retraced, there need be left no great perplexity about the markets of the world at large, thus far in 1912.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Anstice. The Stolen Bridegroom, and Other East Indian Idylls. Revell.

Antin, Mary. The Promised Land. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.

Atherton, Gertrude. Julia France and Her Times: A Novel. Macmillan. $1.40 net.

Bangs, J. K. Echoes of Cheer. Boston: Sherman, French.

Barclay, F. L. Through the Postern Gate. Putnam. $1.35 net.

Bartholomew, J. G. A Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe. (Everyman's Library Series.) Dutton. 70 cents net.

Benson, A. C. The Child of the Dawn. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Bisseker, H. When a Boy Becomes a Man: A Little Book for Boys. Revell. 25 cents net.

Bosher, K. L. The Man in Lonely Land. Harper. $1 net.

Briggs, R. A. Pompeian Decorations. London: B. T. Batsford.

Brubacher, A. R., and Snyder, D. E. High School English. Book II. C. E. Merrill Co. $1.

Bryce, James. The Story of a Ploughboy. Lane. $1.25 net.

Buisson, Ferdinand. La Foi laïque. Paris: Hachette. 3.50 francs.

Bullivant, C. H. Every Boy's Book of Hobbies. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Calvert, Bruce. Rational Education. Griffith, Ind.: Open Road Press.

Candèze, Ernest. The Adventures of Grillo. Trans. by M. L. Baum. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.

Canfield, Dorothy. The Squirrel-Cage. Holt. $1.35 net.

Capus, M. Pour Charmer nos Petits: Edited by C. Fairgrieve. Boston: Heath. 50 cents.

Cather, W. S. Alexander's Bridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Chambers, R. W. Japonette. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.

Chapman, Mrs. W. How Shall I Tell My Child? Revell. 25 cents net.

Clouston, J. S. The Peer's Progress. Brentanos. $1.35 net.

Copping, A. E. A Journalist in the Holy Land. Illus. in color. Revell.

Copping, A. E. Canada: The Golden Land. Illus. in color. Doran. $1.50 net.

Crosthwaite, C. The Pacification of Burma. Longmans. $4.50 net.

Crumpton, M. N. Leaflets from Italy. Putnam.

Curtis, E. A. The Norseman: A Drama in Four Acts. Portland, Me.: Mosher Press.

Davis, B. M. Agricultural Education in the Public Schools. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

De Witt, Cornélis. En Pensant au Pays. Paris: Hachette.

Dixon, Thomas. The Sins of the Father: A Romance of the South. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.

Doogue, L. J. Making a Lawn. McBride, Nast & Co. 50 cents net.

Dragoumis, J. D. Tales of a Greek Island. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

Ellis, J. B. Fran. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

Faguet, Emile. Initiation Philosophique. Paris: Hachette.

Fay, C. N. Big Business and Government. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.

Ferber, Edna. Buttered Side Down. Stokes. $1 net.

Forest, Fish, and Game Commission. Sixteenth Annual Report, 1910. Albany: State Department.

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Gibbs, W. S. Food for the Invalid and the Convalescent. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Gordon, Hugh. The Blind Road. Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.
Gregory, Lady. Irish Folk-History Plays. 2 vols. Putnams.
Gribble, Francis. The Comedy of Catherine the Great. Putnam.
Hall, W. S. Instead of Wild Oats. Revell. 25 cents net.
Hind, A. M. Rembrandt's Etchings. 2 vols. Scribner.
Horton, R. F. How the Cross Saves. Revell. 50 cents net.
Hungerford, Edward. Little Corky: A Novel. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
International Studio, Year Book of Decorative Art. Lane. $3 net.
Jebb, Louisa (Mrs. Roland Wilkins). By Desert Ways to Baghdad. Scribner.
Johnston, C. H. High School Education. Scribner. $1.50.
Kauffman, R. W. The Sentence of Silence. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.
Lacy, W. M. An Examination of the Philosophy of the Unknowable, as expounded by Herbert Spencer. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co.
Lange, Algot. In the Amazon Jungle. Putnam.
Larned, J. N. Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Lauvrière, Emile. Edgar Poe ("Ecrivains étrangers"). Paris: Bloud. 2.50 francs.
Lea, F. H. Jaconetta Stories. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Lichtenberger, André. Petite Madame. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.
Lincoln, J. E. C. The Festival Book: Dances, Revels, and Games for the Playground. A. S. Barnes Co. $1.50 net.
London, Jack. The House of Pride, and Other Tales of Hawaii. Macmillan. $1.20 net.
Loti, Pierre. Un Pélerin d'Angkor. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 francs.
McCarthy, Justin. Irish Recollections. Doran. $3 net.
MacGregor, T. D. Two Thousand Points for Financial Advertising. Bankers Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Major, Charles. The Touchstone of Fortune. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Masefield, John. The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in the Bye Street. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Mautouchet, Paul. Le Gouvernement Révolutionnaire. Paris: Edouard Cornely et Cie.
Méras, E. J. Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.
Meyer, Arthur. Ce que je peux dire. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.
Milham, W. I. Meteorology. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
Montessori, Maria. The Montessori Method: Scientific Pedagogy. Translated by A. E. George. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Mulford, C. E., and Clay, J. W. Buck Peters, Ranchman. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
My Actor-Husband. Lane. $1.30 net.
National Association for the Study and Education of Children. Proceedings, December, 1911. Plainfield, N. J. $1.50.
Norris, W. E. Paul's Paragon. Brentano's. $1.35 net.
Norton, R. H. Reminiscences of an Agitator. Los Angeles: The Author.
Ohnet, Georges. La Serre de l'Aigle. Paris: Ollendorff. 3.50 francs.
Orczy, Baroness. The Noble Rogue: A Cavalier's Romance. Doran. $1.35 net.
Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Tome V. Paris: Gustave Ficker.
Parker, D. B. A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward: Reminiscences. Boston: Small, Maynard. $3 net.
Peabody, R. S. An Architect's Sketch Book. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Pearce, C. E. Red Revenge. Chicago: McClurg. $1.20 net.
Pereire, Alfred. Autour de Saint-Simon. Paris: H. Champion. 3.50 francs.
Phipps, S. M. Thoughts in Rhyme. Mason-Henry Press.
Piquet, Victor. La Colonisation Française dans l'Afrique du Nord. Paris: Armand Colin. 6 francs.
Raper, C. L. Railway Transportation. Putnam.
Rees, J. D. Current Political Problems, with Pros and Cons. Longmans. $1.40 net.
Rion, Hanna. Let's Make a Flower Garden. McBride, Nast & Co. $1.35 net.
Rodway, James. In the Guiana Forest. New, revised edition. Chicago: McClurg.
Rose, J. H. Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Ross, G. A. J. The Cross. Revell. 25 cents net.
Rowley, Charles. Fifty Years of Work Without Wages. Second edition. Doran. $3 net.
Russell, G. W. E. One Look Back. Doubleday, Page.
Sabatier, Paul. L'Orientation religieuse de la France actuelle. Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.
Samaran, Charles. D'Artagnan: capitaine des Mousquetaires du Roi. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3.50 francs.
Schauffler, R. H. Scum o' the Earth, and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Seignobos, Ch. (Cours d'histoire). L'Orient et la Grèce—Rome et Pré-Moyen Age—Le Moyen Age (3 volumes). Paris: Armand Colin.
Skinner, H. D. Faith Brandon: A Novel. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Smith, N. A. The Home-Made Kindergarten. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Snider, D. J. Lincoln and Ann Rutledge: An Idyllic Epos of the Early Northwest. St. Louis: Sigma Pub. Co.
Sparks, G. R. Baby Wise: Collection of Children's Quaint Sayings. Chicago: McClurg.
Stapfer, Paul. L'Inquiétude religieuse du temps présent. Paris: Fischbacher.
Stewart, A. H. American Bad Boys in the Making. Bookery Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Strange, Shirley. A Superfluous Woman's Rosary. Boston: Everett Pub. Co.
Strowski, Fortunat. Tableau de la Littérature Française au XIXe siècle. Paris: P. Delaplane. 3.50 francs.
Tapper, Thomas. Youth and Opportunity. Platt & Peck Co. $1 net.
Travers, Rosalind. Letters From Finland. Dutton. $3 net.
Trumbull, William. Poems. Litchfield (Conn.) Inquirer.
Urwick, E. J. A Philosophy of Social Progress. London: Methuen.
Viereck, G. S. The Candle and the Flame. (Poems.) Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.
Vignaud, H. Henry Harrisse. (Etude biographique et bibliographie). Paris: Ch. Chadenal.
Vignaud, Henry. Les Expéditions des Scandinaves en Amérique. Paris: Société des Américanistes.
Volterra, V., and others. Lectures delivered at Celebration of Anniversary of Foundation of Clark University. Stechert. $2 net.
Walter, M., and Krause, C. A. Beginners' German. Scribner.
Weeden, E. St. C. A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda. Boston: Dana Estes. $3.50 net.
Wesselhoeft, E. C. An Elementary German Grammar. Boston: Heath. 90 cents.
Wiggin, K. D. A Child's Journey with Dickens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Wilby, T. W. and A. A. On the Trail to Sunset. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.
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